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KASSON'S LONG FIGHT FOR THE NEW CAPITOL.

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM, STATE LIBRARIAN.

And here 'twixt suns that rise and set,
'Twixt river and river, and sea and sea,
Will we build thee a shrine, he said, where yet
Our children's children shall worship thee
As their fathers have, O Liberty!

Arthur Sherburne Hardy's Ode on the Laying of the Cornerstone of
Iowa's New Capitol. (Read by J. B. Grinnell.)

The location of the Capitol in Des Moines was at most a temporary settlement of the Capitol location question. The building, erected in fulfillment of the citizens' pledge, was at best a temporary affair, small, ill-arranged, and unsafe. Even before the occupancy of the building, it was evident that the State would soon be compelled to do for itself what it should have done at first—build a State House adequate for the needs of the future.

The legislative contest for a new Capitol building was deferred for ten years, and was not settled until 1872,—fourteen years after the first General Assembly convened in Des Moines.

Several names stand out prominently in the history of the long struggle beginning in 1868, among them Jonathan Cattell, B. F. Allen, George W. Jones, and J. H. Hatch, respectively, representatives of Polk county; but the one man to whom the palm of leadership was cheerfully conceded by his compeers—whether they were for or against the measure—is the late John A. Kasson. In fact, Mr. Kasson was chosen, and twice re-chosen, a representative from Polk county that the movement for a new Capitol might have in him a leader of legislative experience, tact in handling men and persuasive eloquence. "At the time of the fall election, in 1867," he says, "I was far away seeking rest and recreation after several years of hard public labors, when notice came to me

that I had been elected to the House of the Twelfth General Assembly, with J. H. Hatch for my colleague. On my return they told me of the special object of Polk county sending me to that legislature."

Jonathan Cattell, of Polk, was serving the second half of his senatorial term. With three strong men, and one of them a giant in the arena of debate and a diplomat by nature and education, Polk county was "all fit for the fight." Arrayed against the proposed new Capitol were various interests which together proved formidable. The representatives of State institutions at other points were easily lined up against the measure as one involving an outlay which might jeopardize their own anticipated appropriations. Representatives of districts dependent on other trunk lines than the Rock Island were rounded up by appeals to local interests. Disappointed representatives of other localities that had failed to secure the location of the Capitol, were eager to reopen the question of location. Conservatives in the matter of expenditure were of the opinion that the time had come for a halt in the expenditure of public money. With not a few of this class, the inadequacy of the old Capitol was regarded as a pretext, the danger a mere scare, and the measure a selfish scheme of the Polk county trio to strengthen themselves with their constituents at the expense of the State.

On the other side, were the citizens of Des Moines and Polk county who best knew the inadequacy of the old structure, and were continually haunted by the ever-present possibility of a re-opening of the whole question and the ultimate loss of that which had cost them so much. Behind these locally interested parties was a considerable number of legislators who approached the question on its merits.

This, in general, was the complicated situation which confronted the young statesman from Polk in 1868 as he entered upon his arduous task.

The initial move was a resolution proposing a joint committee to examine the Capitol building and report on its sufficiency for the forthcoming inauguration. The committee reported the building safe for all who could be accommodated within its limited area.

The next was the creation of a strong House committee on public buildings of which Polk county's representative, Mr. Hatch, was chairman. February 1, the committee reported a bill providing for a state house at a cost not to exceed \$1,500,000. The bill was taken up March 3, and was confronted with a substitute, which was promptly voted down, by an amendment limiting the cost to \$1,000,000; and the next day by an amendment reducing the cost to \$600,000. Later, a million-dollar amendment was temporarily agreed upon. The war of diplomacy continued until the 7th of March, when the bill, as amended, passed the House by a vote of 55 to 36.

The bill had comparatively smooth sailing until it reached the Senate. There it was confronted by anti-capitol memorials, notably from Webster and Buchanan counties. It went to a committee favorable to the project, and was reported out on the 14th and was made a special order for the 19th of March.

The bill, once fairly before the Senate, was confronted with a substitute which was promptly voted down. A motion was made to table it, but that also failed—by a vote of 25 to 20. A move to indefinitely postpone was defeated by a vote of 23 to 22. The bill then ran the gauntlet of unfriendly amendments. One of these amendments prevailed, eliminating the building committees of the two houses from the board of commissioners. Another volley of amendments followed. Some of these carried, thereby seriously endangering the fate of the measure. Senator Cattell and the friends of the bill fought bravely; but, it became apparent that theirs was a losing fight. With the discretion of a wise general, Cattell summoned all his strength for a retreat, securing postponement until the 25th,—the bill as amended to be printed meantime.

The prospect on the 25th was far from hopeful. On the 26th, an amendment in the nature of a substitute, authorizing an advertisement for plans for a new state house, and providing for the repair of the old, was adopted by a vote of 27 to 20. All seemed lost; but a friendly senator moved a reconsideration, which motion carried. The bill, with its load of amendments, was referred back to the committee, March 30.

The committee reported a substitute calling for plans for a new capitol building, and appropriation money for repairs on the old. This was so amended as to call for plans for a two-million dollar building. On the third day of April, the substitute was adopted, by a vote of 39 to 7. The House promptly ratified the Senate's action. The substitute was adopted by the House by a vote of 59 to 6.

The net results of the session were:

1. A commitment of the State to the consideration of the question of a two million dollar capitol building.
2. A popular awakening to the desirability, if not necessity, of a new building.

The Thirteenth General Assembly found Mr. Kasson in his seat and ready for the fray. His colleague in the House this session was George W. Jones. In the Senate the seat vacated by Jonathan Cattell was now occupied by B. F. Allen, one of the best known of the pioneer bankers and business men in Iowa, not gifted in debate but strong in the committee-room and in the lobby, a "good mixer" and a resourceful manager of men and measures.

The opposition in the House, formerly led by the trio, Traer of Benton, Dudley of Wapello and Brown of Van Buren, was now measurably strengthened by Cutts of Mahaska, a vigorous organizer and forceful debater. Mr. Kasson in after years especially mentioned the redoubtable John P. Irish, of Johnson, and the witty Pat Gibbons, of Keokuk, as among his most serviceable allies.

The tactics of two years before were reversed. The bill, this time, first saw the light in the Senate. The building committee, of which Griffith of Warren was chairman, reported it out on the 28th of January, 1870, and it was made a special order for February 4. There seemed to be an understanding that the fight this time would be in the House. In due time it was reached in the Senate. It was slightly amended and engrossed, and, on the following day, was read a third time and passed—by a vote of 27 to 18. Then began the fight for its life.

The bill came over from the Senate February 7, and on the usual motion to refer, Traer was opposed to any reference. Cutts urged indefinite postponement. Dudley urged immediate action. Kasson's motion to refer to the building committee finally carried by a vote of 53 to 39,—a vote which could not be taken as a measure of the strength of the bill.

When the day set for the presentation of the committee's report arrived, a postponement of the special order until the 8th of March was asked and granted, though Cutts and Dudley vigorously opposed the motion.

The 8th of March arrived. After a preliminary skirmish, the real battle of words began. Traer moved an indefinite postponement, urging the bad condition of the State's finances and the paramount needs of the several state institutions. Gibbons, of Lee, made a good-humored, generous plea for the new building. Ball, of Jefferson, declared himself unalterably opposed to the bill. Irish rose to the occasion, drawing from Ball an admission that if he felt free to vote he would vote aye. Then followed Cutts, "the Ajax of the opposition." Mr. Kasson long afterward said: "It would be difficult indeed to surpass that speech in artful adaption to intimidate fearful members and to prejudice the doubtful against the entire proposition." It was a compound of humor, satire, argument and appeal. It is difficult to read with seriousness Mr. Cutts' picture of Iowa's poverty,—"little children running round with their little knees protruding through their pants, their coats all ragged and tattered and torn, their little caps with their fore-pieces off and all torn; their father gone to the county seat to pay out the last half-dime which is to go into that magnificent state house"!

It remained for Mr. Kasson to reply to "the Ajax of the House." As in mythology, Agamemnon awarded to Odysseus, over Ajax, the coveted arms of Achilles, so the verdict of most listeners to this notable debate was that the Polk county statesman fairly won first honors in the contest for supremacy. Mr. Kasson maintained that the reputation of his State was depreciated by the mean and narrow housing of its legislature

and its executive officers. Dealing with plain, practical men, he did not rely on mere sentiment. He maintained that (1) the state house then occupied was at best only temporary and wholly inadequate, and was unsafe as against fire or storm. It had no committee rooms; its walls were defective and had been pronounced unsafe; the opposition had shamefully discredited the financial condition of the State, the appropriation asked could easily be paid out of existing resources without increasing taxation or robbing other state institutions; (2) that the old state house would be untenable before the possible completion of the new; (3) and that the implied obligation of the State to build a new capitol in consideration of the valuable grants of land and pecuniary sacrifices made by the people of Polk county should be fulfilled.

Mr. Kasson was frequently interrupted by questions and comments, but he deftly parried every thrust and cleverly answered every question.

The debate was continued on into the next forenoon, with Cutts, Irish and Ball frequently on the floor.

Once the former member from Jefferson turned the laugh on the cleverer member from Polk. In the audience that packed the old capitol during the debate were many public-spirited women of Des Moines. Professing to regard the presence of the Des Moines ladies as an attempt to influence votes for the bill in which they were interested, Mr. Ball ironically remarked:

"Don't you see, they have sent all these ladies and gentlemen to prove that there is danger here! They sit here, I have no doubt, in danger and fear! . . . I am pretty nearly—not quite, though—. . . satisfied to vote for the bill!"

Everybody laughed.

Mr. Kasson good-humoredly retorted that his old friend's modesty prevented him from seeing that the ladies of Des Moines were not there to show their courage, but were drawn thither by "the attractions of the gentleman from Jefferson."

Ball came back with the remark that he had always had an excellent opinion of himself, and it was now demonstrated to his entire satisfaction.

Kasson's friends laughed last, for with nimble wit came the quick retort:

"I take back what I said about the gentleman's modesty."

But the tension was not long relieved. Intimations of attempted bribery were made and were met by ridicule, denunciation and challenge for proof. Petitions were met by remonstrances, and feeling ran high.

Then came the calm following the storm. The period of compromise was reached. Mr. Kasson and his friends were driven to admit two riders on the third reading, their poverty of votes and not their will consenting.

On the morning of April 8, four weeks after its engrossment, the bill was called up for a third reading. The strained condition of the House is well illustrated by an incident related by Mr. Kasson.¹ He says:

"As I left my house on the morning of that day for the capitol, I stopped at the hotel to see that no dilatory friend of the bill should be lingering there. At that moment a citizen hastened to tell me that —, of — county, whose vote we counted on, had just been seen going into a drinking saloon near by. I sent him to look for this member, and received the report that he had slipped out the back door. . . . I learned that he had been beset by some anti-capitol members the night before who had drugged him with whisky, put him in his room and locked his door, thinking he would not awake in time for the vote. I dispatched a wagon instantly for my good friend, Father Brazil, whose influence over this member I knew, with an urgent request to follow him and bring him to the state house as soon as possible. I then proceeded to the state house with increased anxiety, not knowing whether that one absent vote might not defeat our bill at the very crisis of its fate. A short time before the voting began, however, I discovered the absentee entering the house, followed closely to his seat by the good priest who took post behind his chair, and did not let him out of his sight until the voting was over. He found the absent member on the lonely bank of 'Coon river, sitting solitary on a log, like a man either in manly shame of

¹Fifth Reunion of Pioneer Lawmakers' Association, p. 27.

himself or having a racking over-night headache. But when Father Brazil said, 'Come with me,' he went."

That Father Brazil, of grateful memory, saved the day for Mr. Kasson, and for Des Moines and Polk county, is evident from the spirited report which follows:

"The two rider amendments were adopted without a division, and the roll call began. Every member was present except three. Hall and galleries were crowded to overflowing, as they had been throughout the debate. Many members had roll calls in their hand keeping count as the call proceeded, myself among them. The silence was intense—not a sound was heard save the clerk's monotonous call of names and the answer aye or no. The phonographic report of that session prints the figures '20' after my name on the roll call. This will remind some of you of a laughable incident that occurred at the time. If we had fifty-one ayes (no matter about the nays) the bill became a law, and I was therefore only counting the ayes. At the moment the clerk called my name I was writing the number of nays, [ayes] and inadvertently answered the call by shouting 'twenty,' at the top of my voice. It broke the silent tension of feeling, and for nearly two minutes the roll call ceased, while the whole house and audience were convulsed with laughter. I do not know that the mistake made any votes for us, but it certainly put our opponents into a more amiable humor. The official count gave us one solitary vote to spare, 52 to 46, with only two absentees. The immense audience shook the frail walls of the old building with their applause. There was the usual motion to reconsider and to lay that on the table, upon which 66 members voted with our friends, and only 31 voted against them. Two-thirds of the house indirectly befriended the measure. This vote probably represented the real judgment of the house, certainly much more than the vote on its passage.

"The Senate promptly concurred in the amendments, and the new capitol was finally authorized by law. Of course there was joy in the capital city of Des Moines. The people of Polk county expressed their satisfaction by a procession headed by music and bearing to my door a gold-headed cane, which I have handed over to Mr. Aldrich as a souvenir of

the event, to be deposited in that capitol museum which does so much honor to its founder and to the state." *

But Polk county had further use for Mr. Kasson. Two capitol commissioners, selected at large had been forced into the bill, and six others were to be nominated by congressional districts and elected in joint legislative convention. This procedure gave the State a partisan commission and, withal, too many in numbers. As was to be expected, the foundation work done was so defective as to give rise to a demand for a new start, with the probable reopening of the question of location. The appropriation which went with the bill was for a single term only. An annual appropriation and a working commission was the dual need which compelled the leader from Polk to accept a third term at the hands of his friends and neighbors. Mr. Kasson's colleague in the House this time was General Tuttle. Mr. Allen was a Senate hold-over.

Investigation was the first step taken. The investigating committee reported condemning the stone and the foundation. The House committee on public buildings reported an amendatory act February 27, 1872; but its consideration was postponed until April 2. Mr. Kasson moved that Maturin L. Fisher, of Clayton, Robert S. Finkbine, of Polk, and Peter A. Dey, of Johnson, two Republicans and two Democrats, be named as Capitol Commissioners. The Governor was made *ex officio* chairman of the commission. The old board was abolished. An annual appropriation of \$125,000 was secured. After much debate and many votes, it was finally voted that the commission should keep in view a cost of \$1,500,000. An amendment giving preference to all other appropriations over that for the capitol was forced through, (only to be voted down in the Senate) and the bill passed by a vote of 63 to 24. The bill met with no mishap in the Senate, carrying that body by a vote of 34 to 9.

After a scurrying for votes to enable the Senate amendments to pass the House, the bill as amended passed that body, a second time—and the long fight for the new capitol ended with a signal victory in which every one apparently rejoiced.

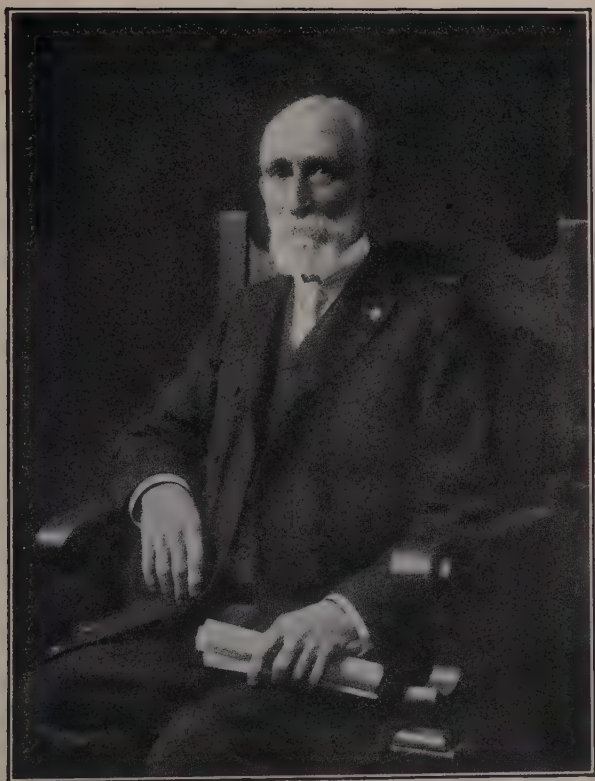
*This token is on display in the museum case in the State Historical Department, with similar mementoes of famous men and events of Iowa.

AMOS NOYES CURRIER.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA J. BERRYHILL.

Dean Amos Noyes Currier, for forty-two years a member of the faculty of the University of Iowa, died from pneumonia Sunday morning, May 18th, 1909. The community of Iowa City, whose interests are chiefly associated with University affairs, reflected in its atmosphere a sense of bereavement upon hearing that Professor Currier had passed from life. As the word was carried from neighbor to neighbor, and the newspapers of the community heralded it to those at a distance, tributes of affection and messages of sympathy came from far and wide, showing the respect and love in which the man was held. It is an inspiration to stop for a brief moment and study the conditions which moulded the character and developed the career of this man, who came of New England ancestry, having been born October 13, 1832, on a farm near the town of Canaan, New Hampshire. The habits and customs of the New England farm life of the period, embracing the early half of the century, have been admirably told in his paper, "A New England Hill Farm," read before the Political Science Club in Iowa City in 1903.

The conditions represent the primitive life of the pioneer, who wrested from the forest-covered mountain side a few acres of tillable soil, and from it gained a living for himself and family—usually a large one of sons and daughters. In this instance, however, the family was a small one. Professor Currier was one of a family of four children of Eber Farrington and Sophia Noyes Currier. His genealogy is traced to Richard Currier, who was born in England and came to New England in early manhood, and was one of the first settlers of Salisbury, Mass., in 1638. Such names as Pinter, Osgood, Barnard, Hoyt, Challis, Sargent, Bagley are among the an-



Amos H. Currier

cestors by marriage with the Currier line of descent, and Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass., are the places of settlement.

Upon the mother's side the ancestry records Rev. Mr. Noyes, who was born in New England in 1568, graduated at Oxford, 1588, and was rector of Cholderton Parish in 1602. His son, Nicholas, married Mary Cutting, settling in Newbury, Mass. John was one of twelve children, and it was his descendant three generations later who went up into New Hampshire and was the ancestor of Sophia Noyes.

Through the war record of John Barnard (2nd), 1631 (father of Thomas Barnard, who was slain by Indians in 1677 during King Philip's War), Professor Currier was admitted to the Society of Colonial Wars. This ancestor was of Watertown, Mass., a soldier in King Philip's War in Captain Davenport's Company, and later a lieutenant under Edward Tyng. One of his forebears was a millwright, another a mariner, and one accompanied Roger Williams in the ship *Lyon* in 1631, and became a representative to the General Court, as the legislature was then called. His ancestry was thus varied with elements of the scholarly and heroic, adventurous and loyal, each of which was expressed to a degree in his own life. The scholarly tendency at last predominated. His sense of method and order, the first evidence of a well-regulated mind, was shown when he began attending school at Canaan in the spring of 1847. "A memorandum of school expenses, studies, teachers, number of weeks, room-mates, etc., etc.," is the title page of a book, and the first entry says: "In the spring attended school at Canaan 11½ weeks. Studies: Adams' Arithmetic; First Lessons in Algebra; English Grammar. A. Bushnell, teacher." In 1848 the entry indicates that he attended school in New Hampshire eleven weeks, and Latin is there for the first time mentioned as one of the studies. Expenses: "I paid \$12.75, father paid for board \$17.25." Total \$30.00—a striking illustration of the rise in prices in half a century. Intellectual philosophy, English grammar and Sallust, Virgil, Greek lessons and parsings are mentioned in the following term, and the fall term of the year 1851 finds him at Meriden for a year of study. In 1852

he takes up political economy, moral science and English grammar, and mentions that "the whole expense of my fitting course as here estimated amounts to \$282.60." This includes all except clothing, which would swell the sum total to \$300, in round numbers. "My present library I value at \$25.00."

The fall term of 1852 finds him at Hanover, and for the next period of four years his expenses are mentioned, which closes with a total of \$800.00. "Earned myself, \$300.00. Paid by father, \$500.00."

Such entries as the following disclose his sincere ambition and devotion to the purpose of gaining an education: "Studied 13 hours. I never knew what it was to study much until now. Every lesson must be got well, of course, and they are all some in hardness, I can witness. We have had two Livy lessons daily for three days." "College term commenced. Arose at a little past 5:00. Prayers at 6:00. Met our Greek teacher, Prof. Putnam, at 11:00. Met him again at 4:30 p. m. and listened to an excellent talk on the end of college life and the manner of securing it. Studied algebra in the evening." But he is not so much given to study that he fails to see the pleasure and value of relaxation, for he mentions "walking, chatting and seeing." On the 26th "walked a few miles with Davis and called upon Taylor." "Spent an hour or so on Mr. Thompson's piazza; a very beautiful evening." Football at that period must have been something other than at present. "This afternoon the Sophs gave us a formal challenge to a trial of strength at football. On the first game the Sophs were victorious. The second time the Freshmen beat. The third time the Sophs carried the day, but in the two succeeding ones were badly beaten. During the whole contest the Juniors and others who lined the common to see the performance loudly cheered on the Freshmen, and at the close sent up three hearty cheers. The Sophs were ashamed and mad, and thought to be revenged by ejecting us from the chapel at prayers, but we were prepared for them, and the Juniors not assisting them, we held them in until the President came over the seats and bid us let them go. After we were out the Freshmen gave a shout

of joy for the victory, but the wicked Sophomores looked as if they had been stealing sheep or doing some deed of dishonor. Hope they will learn that Freshmen are not cowards or slaves."

In a paper called "Dartmouth College Fifty Years Ago," Professor Currier called attention in a comparative way to the athletic situation. "When I consider the current athletic situation in the matter of football, to the great body of students merely an exciting spectacle, a very small group of players, over-trained often to permanent physical harm, and generally to the serious detriment of the scholarship, the matched game rather a fight of gladiators than a friendly contest of sportsmen, the numerous serious injuries, often purposely inflicted, the annual sacrifice of life, the unwholesome excitement of the spectators spurring the players to the greatest risks of life and limb, the betting, the bitter college rivalries, the unfair and sometimes corrupt means used to secure good players, the transportation of large bodies of students to distant games, the lavish expenditures and consequent huge debts, the despair of students, faculty and alumni, I am inclined to believe the former days of crude athletics better than ours in the matter of physical exercise, as an exhilarating sport and in general influence, and trust the day is not far distant when the good sense and growing conviction of college authorities as to its serious evils will be made effective in the radical revision of the game or its exclusion from college sports." Concerning his college work in those early days, he says. "The classical training given was exceedingly exact, thorough and vigorous. Grammar was carefully taught and insisted upon throughout the course. Forms and the rules of syntax were memorized and applied in formal parsing in a set order, exact translation was insisted on, and when a pupil ventured upon a free rendering, perhaps on account of the vagueness of his knowledge, he was bidden to construe, that is, to give the English equivalent of each word. But amidst all this persistent drill, such intelligent emphasis was placed upon the thought, spirit and style of the authors read that they made a vivid and permanent impression upon the students.

Whatever else may be said of this preparation for college, it was certainly a compact and consistent whole, and as such, in my opinion superior in point of training to the sporadic, mixed and partially elective courses now in vogue."

The work of the senior year included Intellectual Philosophy, Reid; Political Economy, Say; The Federalist; History of Civilization, Guizot; rhetoric; Edwards on the Will. Butler's Analogy; Moral Philosophy, Wayland; geology and chemistry; with lectures in the English language, literature, anatomy and physiology, verses and forensic discourses, besides original declamation before the college throughout the year.

At the period mentioned he says, "Fraternities had won fairly high repute and great influence in the college. The general basis of their election of members at the close of the freshmen year was high scholarship or literary excellence and personal character. In a modified form they continued the old time work of the literary societies. Their weekly program of essays, orations, debates and formal conversations on assigned themes was usually prepared with the greatest care, and after presentation subjected to the criticism of the members. The carefully chosen course consecutive for three years, dealt with history and literature and so in some measure supplied a serious deficiency in the college course. Here were offered the best literary productions of a student body, not infrequently repeated in the college by the Juniors and Seniors as required exercises. Their halls were inexpensive rooms, simply furnished, convenient for social and literary meetings, for chapter houses were not in fashion. Of sports and general social functions there was no thought, except for some tendency to clanishness, not, however, greatly accentuated. I think these fraternities were entirely wholesome in their influence, not only as social groups, but as important factors in the literary and intellectual atmosphere of the college."

Professor Currier early indicated his trend of mind toward a vocation, for we find a memorandum commencing March 26, 1849, which indicates "Commenced teaching school at Enfield." In December he records "Snowy." "One week has passed as well as could be expected." On the 15th he men-

tions "Went to spelling school at the mill. I spelled down once, G. Johnson once." "Saw F. P. Currier on the 14th." "Had a spelling school, 30 spellers; Salome spelled down, good one." In the closing year he drops into poetry.

"Another year has passed away,
Though it has seemed scarce one brief day,
Yet it has helped to fill the space,
Alloted to my earthly race.
Oh! may each passing year be spent,
That I may of it ne'er repent,
And something good in each be done,
So shall the prize of life be won.
So farewell 1849
Past are the deeds of thine,
The sorrow for its timely death,
Will vanish at the new year's birth."

A greeting to the New Year fills the opposite page.

This school term lasted thirteen weeks, and the spring and summer months were occupied with sheep shearing, raising shed, hoeing corn, working on shed, going to meeting to the Street (meaning Canaan Street as the adjoining town was called), hoeing potatoes, haying. He mentions from day to day these occupations as well as tersely stating the coming and going of the rest of the family. From the brief statements may be pictured the daily life and occupations of the group representative of the community of that period.

A page of reflections upon the Fourth of July are so well expressed that they are worthy of a place in this sketch. "It is Independence Day the ever-glorious Fourth. With joy we greet it, for it is the anniversary of that day on which our fathers declared themselves free and independent. Then victorious liberty boldly took her stand at the head of her numerous supporters. Patriotic and fearless men they were! Being engaged in a just cause with the watch word Liberty or Death upon their lips, they dared to face the world. But their zeal ended not in the accomplishment of their own happiness. They cared more for posterity than for themselves. Oh! may the same patriotic spirit be diffused among the Americans of the

present day. May they strive as hard to preserve gained liberty as our fathers did to obtain it. May they ever be guided by the dictates of truth and justice, and should invaders ever set foot upon our soil may we meet them sword in hand with the cry 'We were born free men, we have lived free men, and by the aid of Heaven we will die free men.' "

That his teaching was satisfactory to the authorities is attested by the following certificate written June 22, 1853: "The writer, in the capacity of Commissioner of Common Schools for the County of Sullivan, visited a distant school in New Port in said County taught by Mr. Amos N. Currier of Canaan, New Hampshire, the winter of 1851 and '52, was much pleased with the appearance and management of the school, the order on the days of visitation was excellent, everything went on like clockwork, and the school was noticed favorably in the county newspapers at the time as ranking high in comparison with other schools." Signed Washington, N. H., June 22, 1853, Dyer H. Sanborn, Principal of Tubbs Union Academy.

While attending Union Academy in 1849 the preamble to Union Academy Debating Society recorded: "We live in a land of freedom and equality, each citizen is alike eligible to the highest offices and stations. Everyone should therefore strive to make himself competent to fill these with honor and in order that one should be thus fitted he should possess a good education. Believing that the act of public speaking is one of the most important parts of a good education, we, the undersigned, hereby agree to form ourselves into a club to be called by the name of The Union Academy Debating Society, to meet at the Union Academy, Canaan, for the purpose of discussing such questions as shall be thought proper when met, and to be governed by the following Constitution, etc." Among the questions for debate were included, "Will the discovery of the California gold regions prove beneficial to the U. S.?" A. N. Currier, affirmative. Decision of the President in the negative. "Ought capital punishment be abolished?" A. N. Currier, Pres. Decision in the affirmative. "Is poverty a greater source of misery than ignorance?" Negative, A. N.

Currier. Decision in the negative. "Will extension of territory prove injurious to the United States?" "Ought slavery to be abolished?" "Ought females be allowed to act in the affairs of public life?" Negative, A. N. Currier. Decision in the negative.

It may be added here that in the Dartmouth College paper he says, in speaking of the work of the academies as preparatory schools for college, "by way of parenthesis I may remark that the best scholar in my class was a woman, but for her no college doors were open." And in justice to Professor Currier it must be said that his attitude toward the higher education of women was eminently fair and, indeed, encouraging, and as he married a woman of education and superior intellectual attainments, we must believe that he appreciated the value of companionship with those highly endowed by nature and training. His marriage to Miss Celia A. Moore took place after his association with the State University of Iowa, and his identification with the State came through a journey westward to an uncle who had settled in Monroe County, Iowa. His teaching career was continued at Pella, Iowa, where he taught in Central University for ten years, then enlisted as a volunteer in the Civil War.

In no way would one look upon Professor Currier as a warrior. He was a scholarly type in bearing and character. But the ardent enthusiasm that inspired him to higher ideals and drove him to unflagging effort in the pursuit of these, developed a moral fiber and an ethical insight that pointed out a path and made him walk therein, not counting the cost too great to sacrifice his profession and his life if need be for the national ideal of patriotism. Great as is the ideal of peace for nations to look forward to, profound thinkers cannot fail to see in war a high development of the heroic characteristics of loyalty, fellowship, devotion and sacrifice that can only be brought out by some great moral issue and accomplishment. Such perceptions must have influenced our young scholar hero when, as he tells us, he joined the Eighth Iowa Volunteer Infantry which was mustered into service August

31, 1861, at Camp McClellan on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi at Davenport. Major Frederick Steele of the Eleventh U. S. Infantry was made Colonel, but merely as a stepping-stone to promotion then current of rapidly pushing forward West Point trained officers to the command of brigades and divisions for which most volunteer officers were without the requisite training or experience. The first service was in Fremont's unfortunate expedition to Springfield, Missouri, and its immediate and hurried return under General Hunter. The winter was spent at Sedalia, partly in chasing roving bands of Confederates and scouring the country for southern sympathizers charged with giving aid and comfort to the enemy. The troops not only subsisted upon the country, but often ravaged it upon mere suspicion of the unfriendliness of the inhabitants. Sometimes, I am ashamed to say, they pillaged it in the interest of private plunder, with no nice discrimination as to the acts, character or sympathies of the victims. The Confederate band was quite as active and no less ruthless and between the two a large part of Missouri at some time during the war became a desolate waste. "Negroes flocked to our camp and sometimes their masters, when vouched for as loyal, were allowed to search for their slaves, but generally in vain. Early in March came the order to join General Grant in Tennessee, to the great joy of our men, who, after the capture of Forts Henry and Donnelson, began to fear that the speedy close of the war would deprive them of any share of its glories."

He then describes a journey down the Mississippi, in which there was a touch of danger from bush-whacking when two men were wounded and one killed. He tells of the stop at Pittsburg landing, on account of which an insignificant place became suddenly famous. "The bustle and din of preparations for war making, a festival appearance of much coming and going, and the full glory of the southern spring added the touch of joyous beauty to the occasion. The first of April preparations were well under way for active work, ten days' rations were packed and the idea prevailed that the attacking forces were getting in order. On the 6th of April at

6:00 in the evening the quiet of encampment was aroused by the sound of an engagement, and by 8:00 o'clock in the evening came a summon to arms, and the Eighth found its place in the fighting line. Soon after it was sent to the extreme left of Prentiss' Division, next to Tuttle's Brigade, which consisted of the Second, Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Iowa. This strong position on the sunken Corinth road, dubbed by the enemy the Hornet's Nest, and the Valley of Death, was a strategic point about which raged a fierce battle during the whole afternoon. Sixty Confederate cannon were trained upon it and column after column of infantry with the utmost recklessness of life charged up to the muzzles of the guns, all along this part of the line, forcing it back at some points, but often compelling it to retire in disorder and with terrible loss. The battery in front of the Eighth lost nearly all its horses and men in the onslaught. The wild rush of the furious assault, the grim tenacity of the resistance in spite of ranks rapidly thinning, the horrors of retreat and confusion under murderous fire, the writer has no power to describe. He heard no savage yells of the Confederates, no cries of the wounded, no moans of the dying. There was resolute struggle, stoical endurance, and indescribable din, in which were mingled the screams of shells, the rattle of musketry, the roar of batteries, the sharp hiss of minie balls. Then there was the dull impact of bullets on human flesh, the writhing of the wounded and dying, all the hell of the battlefield that ought always to be a companion picture of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. About five o'clock the retirement of the whole line forced to a belated retreat through a severe cross-fire, with great loss, only to find ourselves entirely surrounded by an overwhelming force that compelled surrender in the camp of the Third Iowa Infantry. The responsibility for this disaster is still a mooted question which I shall not discuss. The one thing certainly is that it does not rest with the 2,000 captured men who held their assigned position till the last, neither recalled or driven from it. The loss of the Eighth in the day's battle was 58 killed or mortally wounded, 95 others wounded and 340 missing, mostly captured. A total loss of 493 out of 600 engaged. The coolness and bravery of Colonel Geddes stimu-

lated the courage and steadfastness of officers and men." The author gives in detail the story of the surrender, the march to the rear through the carnage of dead and dying. It is a tale of courage and bravery in defeat, of good natured exchange of opinions between the South and the North. They moved on to Corinth, were loaded into freight cars for Memphis where they were first imprisoned in a large warehouse. Here they fought over again in discussion Sunday's battle. General Grant was universally criticised for his ignorance of the advance of the Confederates, the lack of defenses and the general condition of being off his guard.

The next move was in April 13th to Mobile and an interesting description of the southern country, the fine trees, and variety and profusion of flowers are noted, the cotton plantations now growing corn and grain, and on Sunday they "passed a plantation of some five hundred negroes dressed in Sunday suits of dingy cotton on parade for the novel sight of Yankee prisoners. The overseer stood by, heavily armed, and a sleek fat old man we took for the master, seemed to view his negroes and the prisoners with complete satisfaction." Mobile housed a thousand of these prisoners in a cotton shed, and then they were moved to Cahaba, two hundred miles up the Alabama River, the old State Capital. There they were quartered in an old fashioned warehouse, windowless and doorless. It was here that Rev. G. F. Cushman, Rector of St. Luke's, born and educated in New England, came to call. He offered to do anything in his power for the men and asked especially for those from his section of country. It was from him that Amos Currier, the prisoner of war, obtained a copy of a Belphin edition of Virgil which he says was to be a great solace in many hours of enforced idleness. It surely was evidence of the trend of his career that under such conditions he chose the scholar's weapon. Others, he says, "amused themselves with games, dominoes, checkers, cards and puzzles, and a few took part in debates."

The difficulty of feeding and caring for the prisoners under the meager conditions in which the Southerners were

living gave evidence that they would be glad to parole or exchange the men, and at sunrise on May 2nd they were put on a steamboat bound for Montgomery, where they were more comfortably taken care of and lived an out of door life under the live oaks until May 20th, when orders were received and announced to parole and send to the Federal lines all private soldiers on taking an oath not to take to arms until properly exchanged. As a regular exchange could not then be negotiated by the Confederate government this course was taken to be rid of their care and support. It may be on account of the softening influence of time and the long interval elapsed between these experiences and the writing of this paper, but it is noteworthy that in the recital of the narrative of imprisonment and suffering there is little feeling of bitterness pervading the story and such expressions as the following are not uncommon: "Men and women of the South were considerate and courteous for the most part, and if frank in the expression of their views and feelings were not angered by the same freedom of speech on our part." It may have been the ethical and religious training which teaches us to love our enemies and pray for them that despitely use us and persecute us, or it may have been the innate characteristics of one who amidst trials and difficulties remained serene.

On May 25th the paroled prisoners were started toward Chattanooga and God's country. But even among friends the welcome was not just what might have been expected. When the Confederate officer announced to General Mitchell the arrival of 2500 paroled men he refused to receive them and doomed them to months more of imprisonment at Richmond. This was afterwards explained by the statement that the Confederates wished to hamper his military movements by dumping this load of hungry men upon him to be fed and cared for, but he made them as comfortable as possible and soon sent them to Nashville, where they organized in military form, with no commissioned officers to take charge. They were soon ordered into camp parole, provided with equipment and Col. John W. Ray, 49th Indiana In-

fantry, assumed command June 11th. There was much discontent and uncertainty at this juncture, for no sooner had an order come from Washington to muster the men for pay and send them home on a furlough than another followed on the heels directing them to proceed to Cairo to muster out of service. The men were worn out and fatigued, and querulous and easily disconcerted.

An order to proceed to Benton Barracks was the next move with no apparent indications for the expected and much needed furlough. Then came the question of taking service, contrary to the oath of parole given to the Confederates and a nice question of military honor was aroused, strengthened no doubt by the need of recuperation of strength and health. It is here that the writer pays a tribute to Colonel Bonneville, who conducted the negotiations between the men, Adjutant Gen. Baker of Iowa and superior officers at Washington. The reply was that paroled prisoners of war must do guard, police and fatigue duty in their own camps. This is not military duty in the belligerent sense of that word. It is simply for their own order, cleanliness and comfort, and is not in violation of any parole not to bear arms against the enemy till exchanged. From a companion in this prison experience, Mr. Robert Ryan, we learn that Prof. Currier became private clerk to Col. Bonneville, in which position he remained until exchanged. He then was commissioned and transferred to another regiment and remained in active service to the end of the war.

The comment of his companion at arms, Mr. Ryan, is a fitting conclusion to his war records. "He was a soldier from conviction and not from choice. His sense of duty and not his temperament took him into the army. The mental discipline that formed a splendid equipment for his special calling as an instructor made it easy for him as a soldier to obey. The pomp and parade of military life were foreign to his nature, but were cheerfully tolerated because required by the army regulations. While these accompaniments of military life were not to his taste, he did not suffer

them to become irksome. There was no assumption of superiority or claim of special privilege because of his educational acquirements. Without in any degree sacrificing his dignity or compromising his sense of propriety, he was on terms of full fellowship with his comrades. As in civil so in military life his conduct was governed by the requirements of the strictest morality. The same sense of duty that led him to enlist made him conscientious and painstaking in the discharge of his duty. He was always courteous and alert to aid his comrades to make the best of the hardships and vicissitudes incident to active service. When added to these qualities there is taken into consideration the fact that he was unflinchingly brave in the presence of the enemy, we have the perfect embodiment of the model citizen soldier such as made the Protectorate the most glorious in English history, and established this republic on an enduring foundation."

The copy of Virgil which was his companion and solace in prison was loaned to a friend who lost his life in the Richmond prison. A comrade of the dead friend returned it to Prof. Currier at St. Louis, and as the owner could not be reached at the restoration of peace, the volume was still in his possession and highly valued as a memento of prison life.

The next long period of his life which covers the association with the State University is less momentous than the stirring period of warfare and the dramatic glories of war and its accoutrements. It is a period of daily attention to the routine of duties, action and reaction with young and immature minds, and the reward of seeing development and growth under the stimulating influences of encouragement to learn. During the next forty years many changes took place in the University. University presidents came and went, through death and retirement. Stirring and heart-burning issues involved the retirement of long association with the University of Iowa. Young men who were students in Prof. Currier's classes went out into the world and came back to the University as regents to dictate the policy of the institution and those under their direction. In all these waves

of progressive reform Prof. Currier never became a victim of the breaking surges. His counsel was as nearly as might be a counsel of perfection. His conservatism held fast to what was good, but he was ready to welcome new conditions which made for the growth and development of the University and the enlargement of its usefulness. As Acting President during 1898 and '99 he conducted the institution through a difficult and trying interregnum, and but for the fact that a prophet is not without honor, except in his own country, he might have been named the actual head of the institution. A letter from a college chum is not without interest here.

The Rectory, Windsor, Vt.,
Friday, 18th August, 1899.

My Dear Currier: I received yesterday the annual catalogue of your University of Iowa, with your card enclosed, and its indication that you are (in virtue I suppose of your seniority in the faculty) the acting-President of the establishment. * * Indeed, how it carries me back to those very old old times in Dartmouth, now more than forty years buried in the motionless past! * * And so I cannot help sending you a few words of old time esteem. I suppose it is hardly the thing to congratulate you on an accidental Presidency, resulting from the loss of your late President, whom probably you esteemed and loved.

But at least I may say that I am glad for the long years of successful duty you have fulfilled at the University, and for the crown of honor which even a temporary occupation of the Presidential chair puts upon your head, which, by the way I fancy is not much whiter now than it was that winter term when we read the Clouds of Aristophanes together, and did some other things?

I wonder if you can at all compare yourself, either as others see you, or as you appear in your own looking-glass of consciousness, with our old Prex. Lord as he was at morning chapels in the late fall fogs; or as he was at the Freshman rushes of classes '55 and '56? or yet at the midnight interference with the Sophomore supper of '56?

I should like to see you at it! But I suppose things are very different at the Iowa University, in many ways, for I see that you have no college dormitories, and that of your twelve hundred students about one-third, I judge from a hasty glance at the lists, are girls.

EDWARD NICHOLAS GODDARD.

As Dean of the University he showed excellent administrative ability, and a complete knowledge of faculty relations and student needs. He had been counsellor and friend, advisor and director of so large a number, in reality if not in fact, for so many years that the position came to him most naturally and justly.

The 30th anniversary of his connection with the University, was taken by the alumni and friends as a fitting time for a testimonial of esteem to Prof. and Mrs. Currier, and Mr. John J. Hamilton organized a movement to present some mementoes of the occasion. A circular of information to the alumni unable to be present indicates that the chest of silver was formally presented to Prof. Currier at the Alumni banquet by Rev. Frank E. Brush, D. D., of Ottumwa, whose remarks were exceedingly eloquent and appropriate. Prof. Currier responded with characteristic modesty and in view of the complete surprise, with admirable self-control. The chair and couch were installed at the Currier residence during the banquet, another surprise to our grand old professor. Great credit is due to Prof. McConnell and Miss Louise E. Hughes, who with other Iowa City alumni heartily co-operated with the alumni of other places in managing one of the pleasantest affairs in the history of the University. Prof. and Mrs. Currier have again and again requested the committee to thank their old friends more than words can express for the beautiful gifts and the sentiments which prompted the giving.

As a citizen Professor Currier was interested in the affairs of his community, and those who knew him well observed that his opinions represented the independent conservative. He read the *New York Nation* with discrimination for a long

period, but he left no public address which indicates that he took an active part in political affairs. His interest, however, was always for the wise conduct of community affairs, and his vote must always have been cast in such a direction. He was a careful business man and his personal affairs were managed with discretion. At the time of his death he was a director in the First National Bank of Iowa City.

Prof. Currier's religious affiliations with the Baptist church were loyal and constant. He adhered always to the faith in which he was reared, and did not feel the pressure of progressive thought in religion sufficiently important in essentials to impel a change of outward expression. His attitude is well set forth in an address given in 1903 before the Y. W. C. A. called, "Christians in the Affairs of the World." In this address he says: "Hostile critics have often repeated the charge that the church represents christianity as a system of doctrines to believe, rather than a life to be lived, and that its activities at least in theory are devoted to interests called spiritual and the preparation for the world to come. It is true that belief is the foundation of christianity. Belief in a Divine Person and faith in His word, but its fruit and supreme end without which it would be meaningless and valueless, is character and conduct; a pure life abounding in good works. This is the teaching of the Scripture. This is the doctrine of the church; and this has been its practice in its better part from the outset. It is also true that the church following the teaching of the Scriptures has always insisted upon the supreme importance of the interests of a spiritual life and felt that these needed to be attracted and urged to it by all possible motives and considerations. The great message to it by its founder is to save men in this life for this life, and in preparation for the immortal life beyond. To this task the church has devoted itself during all its history with a zeal often not according to knowledge, sometimes alloyed with motives of the baser sort and sometimes sullied by the wildest vagaries as to the substance of christianity and the methods by which it should be promoted.

But the zeal for creeds and rites and ceremonies and pomp and worldly power has never wholly crushed out concern for the quality of life, and the paramount object of fitting men for Heaven has never made the church entirely forgetful of merely earthly interests. In the most degenerate days there were pure and noble Christian lives and from the first Christian century secular life was touched and blessed by an influence that gave a new and more generous fruitage to all the virtues. Human life became more sacred, womanhood was elevated and dignified, childhood was nurtured with a more conscientious care, old age was solaced by greater respect and the tenderest consideration, the poor were more generally and more generously provided for, the sick were tended with a kindlier ministry, the brotherhood of man was better recognized in the person of the stranger, the prisoner and the slave, cruel punishments and brutal sports grew into disfavor, in a word, personal, social and civil life became gentler, nobler, purer. But I fully believe that in the church of the future in a much larger degree orthodoxy will be determined by character and life, rather than the doctrine of tests, and that while holding fast to the hope of Heaven and striving to prepare themselves for it, Christians individually and in organized bodies in the discharge of religious duty will bend their energies in a larger measure to make their own secular life and that of the community and the state broader, richer, brighter and better.

Perhaps there is no danger that any of us will be too little occupied in and devoted to the so-called life or too little attracted by its enjoyments. The very necessities of life and the inescapable atmosphere of our civil and social surroundings assure to this the largest measure of our attention and interest. But I apprehend that many earnest Christians reproach themselves for their keen interests in worldly things and their natural fondness for the pleasures found therein, as somehow certain proof of a nature unsanctified and so inimical to a genuine and devout religious life. For a worldliness that forgets God, obscures duty and hinders the growth and exercise of the Christian virtues, there

is no valid defense, but there is a worldliness fully justified in its philosophy and by its fruits. However it may compare with Heaven this is God's world, doubtless the best possible for His purposes, made by Him we must think mainly for man, to be for sometime his school room, gymnasium, sphere of activity, home. These bodies of ours are as much His workmanship as the immortal soul and as necessary to His scheme of human life. Except for our sin they are not evil but good, made to be temples of the Holy Ghost, the lowest in rank, indeed, but yet fit partners in this Trinity. God's law makes the soul and its claims paramount, but in no way exclusive or independent of the rights of body and mind.

Every physical sense and natural appetite and propensity is good, given us for use and enjoyment. Pampered and sated they stifle the intellectual and spiritual life; but starved and atrophied they cramp and distort the whole man. The earth is suited to attract, occupy and please these senses, and is to be regarded not only as an exhibition of God's power and constructive ability or even of His goodness in a general way; but also as an object lesson for the conduct of our lives. Its order, graceful forms and attractive shapes, its beauty and variety of colors, lights and shades, its perfume and flowers, and concord of sweet sounds, are suggestions and materials to be used in the higher activities of our lives as well as in dress and dwellings and in all surroundings subject to our disposal. The social and civil fabric with all its complex mechanism and interest has grown out of necessities of human nature and earthly life, and in its fundamental lines has doubtless developed according to God's plan. This earthly life in all its parts and in its totality with all it involves and implies, we must believe a worthy and essential part of our existence, for God ordained it, fixed its general outlines, and made large and generous provision for its necessities and possibilities. It is a mistake then to suppose as is sometimes hinted if not plainly asserted that meagerness and wretchedness of its conditions are essential or at least helpful to holy living. If the rich and comfortable often forget God, the poor and wretched and hopeless curse him in their mis-

fortunes, privations and sufferings. If the variety and abundance of the occupations and interests of secular life absorb time, attention, and activities that ought to be given to things strictly spiritual, it is quite as true that withdrawal from legitimate, worldly concerns, usually brings an unsound and unwholesome religious temper and life. In this view it is profitable for Christians, so far as their circumstances allow to enrich their minds and lives with the treasures of learning, the wisdom of the time and the ages, all wholesome and inspiring literature, and all the culture that comes from them, and from refined society, not only as a means of personal development and as a source of power for good; but as a means of rational enjoyment. To all of us life will, of necessity, and ought to be of choice, largely serious and earnest, and for many of us is sure to be full of cares and responsibilities, not to speak of sufferings and trials; but, or rather therefore, we may properly seek cheer and refreshment from a due mixture of recreation, diversion and amusement.

I am aware that there has been a strong Christian conviction and no little Christian teaching to the effect that amusement is a foe to godliness, and so to be avoided or at least to be confined in the narrowest limits, as if a foible or a folly. It is not strange that the primitive Christians looked with loathing upon the wanton and cruel amusements of the Roman Empire, and saw in the brutality and frivolity fostered by them, abundant reason for keeping absolutely aloof from them, and for fiercest denunciation of them in public and private discourse, nor is it a matter of wonder that the dissolute diversions of their times led the Puritans of England to inveigh against all worldly pleasures so that Macaulay wittily if not with exact truth said that they objected to bear bating not so much because it gave pain to the bear, as because it afforded pleasure to the people. We have learned better and can smile at the superstition of Bunyan, who feared the pains of Hell because he delighted in the games of tip cat and shinney. But I am sure that many good people today fail to see that fondness for amusement is natural and wholesome and no more to be apologized for than the

appetite for proper food. The one is as truly a rational means to a good end as the other. To you in the heyday of glorious youth, this gospel of diversion needs not to be preached and insisted upon, but only to be justified as wholesome, physically, intellectually and spiritually. However, it does need to be urged upon over-worked men and women burdened by the drudgery of toil and the round of business and official duties, as a ministry of cheer to gloomy spirits, putting to flight at least for the moment the whole brood of daily cares, and the uncanny phantoms of a weary brain.

Do you ask what diversions or amusements the Christian may approve and practice? I answer that this is a matter for individual judgment and conscience, not to be decided by ignorance or prejudice. Some amusements are to be rejected because evil in their nature, others because of their natural or necessary conditions and associations. Beecher once said that some amusements are so heavily mortgaged to the devil that it does not pay to redeem them. Outside of these whatever offer wholesome frolic or fun, or divert by their brightness or wit, or amuse by the exercise of skill, or provide material for social meetings, are to be approved as worthy, if they do not consume time and attention that belong of right to weightier matters. I am constrained to express my conviction that Christians make a mistake in putting a sweeping ban upon amusements like billiards and cards, which, in their nature, are no more evil than tennis and the game of authors, and in proper surroundings and ordinary circumstances are quite as harmless.

Dramatic exhibitions, as delineating life in action, have from the earliest times been attractive to all classes and conditions of men, and when correct in substance and representation are extremely valuable for proper amusement and instruction. The bad in matter, manner, or association, are, of course, to be shunned, as certainly as vile pictures, immoral books, and vicious society.

If you are accustomed to regard the Bible merely as a text book, treating specifically and technically of religion in the narrower sense, and only incidentally dealing with secular

life, you will be surprised to find in how many points earthly interests are touched upon as matters of high importance in themselves. The earth is the work of God's hands and is, without qualification, pronounced good. Material good is associated with spiritual blessings, in the promises and rewards for those obedient to the laws of God. The State is his ordinance and civic virtues are commanded. He instituted the family, gave rules for its conduct, and upon it has set the seal of his blessing. Labor, economy and thrift are commended, and their reward in comfort is emphatically set forth. Youthful loves and the genuine pleasures that are a natural growth in family and social life are described with evident sympathy and approval in the sacred story. Its picture of the lives of the great, and good, and pious is mainly filled with occupations, interests and services in public and private life, quite apart from religious offices. These they did not neglect but they were mainly busy with the affairs of this world for themselves and their fellow men, and in doing this were doing God's will and received his approval and blessing equally with those who served in the temple and at the altar. Surely then Christians not less but more than others may justly claim to be citizens of this world in the fullest sense, though looking forward to citizenship in the New Jerusalem.

Meanwhile not as a hard necessity, but as a duty and a privilege they should enter with zest and earnestness into the life and activities of the world, not only from personal interests, but as an important part of religious duty. There is little room for the ascetic or the religious recluse where there is so much to be enjoyed and so much to be done in the service of God and man. A duty done and a service rendered in the crudest drudgery and in the highest activities of mind and soul. It may well be the duty of some of you to carry the life and light of the gospel to China or the islands of the sea or to the heathen of our cities, or to districts remote from Christian influences; but if rather you are privileged to take up the high service of the teacher, or the ministry of the unfortunate and suffering,

or to be dispensers of sweetness and life in your community, or to share in the sacred duties of a family, take up the responsibilities that fall to your lot cheerfully, heartily and joyfully, in the full assurance that neither statesman or prophet or priest will render a service more essential to man or more acceptable to God."

With such a religion it is no wonder that life was a sane and wholesome thing and that a reasonable mount of pleasure was considered a legitimate and fitting accompaniment to the routine of work and duty. And thus cheerfully he approached the retiring year, and then he knew how to take up the leisure period of life, rich with experience and full of reward.

The "Currier Fortieth," or the anniversary of his association of forty consecutive years of work at the State University, was the occasion of a demonstration not often witnessed upon such an event, as it was the time that Prof. Currier chose as a fitting one to give up his active work with the University. The Commencement of 1907 was made the occasion of the celebration and alumni came from far and near to make the event noteworthy as a demonstration of affectionate regard and honor to the beloved teacher and revered professor. Addresses of congratulation were made by the distinguished alumni and a response by Prof. Currier at the evening meeting held for this purpose. It was a significant gathering of those who loved and respected him and it was peculiarly pleasant that during his lifetime he could enjoy the appreciation and gratitude of his loving and loyal friends. He responded to the tribute of affection by saying:

"To the alumni who planned this occasion and to those who have participated in it, my gratitude cannot be expressed in words, and I shall not attempt it. It is all the more grateful to me because it is only the latest and more formal expressions of your kind feeling and generous appreciation which have contributed largely to any measure of success I have attained.

"Looking back over these forty years, I feel that they have afforded me large opportunities and a rich experience. I

have been fortunate in my colleagues, earlier and later; fortunate in the students with whom I have worked, and fortunate in the support of the regents and presidents under whom I have served. Any lack of achievement has come from my personal limitations. Conscious of no genius for original research in the higher sense, I have been content to enlarge the bounds of my own knowledge and that of my pupils, striving to cultivate in them as well as in myself an inquiring spirit and an open mind. It has been my fixed policy to allow nothing to interfere with the regular and stated work of instruction. I have valued exact and thorough scholarship largely as a means of training, deeming culture and character in the wider sense the richest fruit of college education.

"I have always delighted in close association with students, found in it inspiration and personal enrichment, and from it have grown up some of the most valued and permanent friendships of my life. I rejoice in the large growth and development of the University in students, faculty and appliances. I am proud of the trained and cultivated men and women it has sent out."

Prof. Currier was elected by the Board of Regents Professor Emeritus in the department of Latin Literature and Historiographer of the State University, and thus his association with the University interests was continued. It was always a delight to the old students who called upon him in the office of the Dean to find the historical collection he had made of programs and records of functions and occasions which had occurred during his long association with University affairs, and to him more than anyone else is due the credit for a knowledge of the alumni that made it possible to group the alumni as a working force for the University. The Carnegie Foundation took this opportunity to grant Prof. Currier a retiring fund, the annual income of which was to be \$1,650.00, thus assuring him the dignity and comfort of an income for life. In addition to the exercises at the University, for which invitations had been widely extended, came congratulatory telegrams and letters from dif-

ferent sections of the country, from old classmates, ministers, lawyers, business men, educators and others who expressed their respect and affection for the man whose years were crowned with honor. From the alumni came a volume bound in padded seal inscribed in letters of gold to Amos Noyes Currier. One member from each class had been asked to represent the class and sent a personal greeting. The committee for the volume signed the preface:

Byron James Lambert
Ossian Hatch Brainerd
Laura Clark Rockwood

The first letter is signed by Mrs. Alice R. Glass, who gives greeting from the earliest days. H. M. Remley writes for the class of '69, "They are still your boys, their hearts still glow with affection for their teacher." Justin Edward Cook represents the class of '70. Albert Loughridge says, "We who lead the procession of forty classes that have entered the University during your term of service have ourselves passed over the divide and are descending to western slopes, but we pause to send most affectionate greetings to the beloved teacher who now retires to rest awhile among the groves and vineyards of the foothills."

"When through a sapphire sea the sun,
Sails like a golden galleon,
Toward yonder cloud lands in the West,
Toward yonder islands of the blest,
Whose steep Sierra far uplifts,
Its craggy summits white with drifts,
Blow winds! and waft through all his rooms,
The snow-white flakes of the cherry blooms,
Blow winds! and bend within his reach,
The fiery blossoms of the peach."

"Your old boys and girls of '72," is signed by Homer H. Seerly. Carroll Wright points to the fact that three members are on the Board of Regents and they are by no means up to the average. Louise Hughes of '78 wishes "long life and happiness and peace." From Carl F. Kuehnle "good health, good happiness, good cheer, good will." Caroline Hutchinson

Clapp writes from Wichita, Kansas; Charles H. Clark of '84 from Des Moines; Frank B. Tracey from Boston; James J. Crossley from Winterset; Wm. R. Boyd from Cedar Rapids; H. Claude Horack from Madison, Wis.; closing with Catherine Hodge of 1907, who says, "While mere sympathy is good in time of trouble, yet sympathy backed up by practical advice such as you always give is much better." Tributes like this are unusual during a life time and it must have been a source of keen gratification to Dean Currier and his friends that the opportunity was presented to extend these evidences of high regard. But most of what has been said is related to the working side of Dean Currier's life, the duties and services of the day and the year are indeed the essentials and occupy by far the major portion of existence. The professor and the teacher, however, are especially fortunate in having their work assigned to definite periods with a vacation as a respective portion of the year. He called attention to this in the paper before the Y. W. C. A. He regarded play and relaxation as legitimate and necessary, and took many opportunities for himself and family to have a change of scene and vacation. He went with Mrs. Currier to New England in 1879, '83 and '86. From 1886 to '91 inclusive he went there every summer to be with his father for a few weeks. The latter died in '91 leaving Dean Currier the last of his family. Mrs. Currier says: "We did not go on together again until '96. This was the last time we took the children; it was his Fortieth Anniversary at Dartmouth and from this on we went every fifth year. The Fiftieth was very interesting and pleasant, twelve of his class were there. It is a pleasant custom at Dartmouth that at Commencement the under graduates give up their rooms in one of the dormitories (college hall which contains the immense dining room and reception rooms) to the alumni. We had a sitting room and bed room and the class held their meetings in the former, and were good enough to insist that I should always be with them. They did have such good times—most of them!"

"All these visits to the old home were times of great enjoyment to him. He particularly enjoyed making the chil-

dren know all the places he knew and loved as a boy, and they were always very happy there in spite of the fact that they had no playmates but each other, and when at home felt that life without playmates was very barren."

Prof. Currier made a journey to Europe in the spring and summer of 1875 with Prof. Parker. They were both given leave of absence for the spring term, largely for the purpose of making acquaintance with classical lands and remains. A large proportion of the time was spent in Italy and Greece, but they saw also something of Switzerland and Germany, and of course London and Paris, with Edinburgh and parts of Scotland. The students who were in the University at that period and later realized the enrichment of experience that these professors brought with them from the lands of history and literature. Of a western trip Mr. Currier says: "The summer in California in 1905 was at the long urged invitation of his friend from the Pella days, Mr. Warren Olney of Oakland, and San Francisco. Mr. Olney was his pupil in Pella and out of that relation grew a lifelong friendship. Mrs. Olney and the unmarried daughter, Ethel, were spending a year abroad, so the two men in the Oakland home and the three weeks' trip to Lake Tahoe where he went as Mr. Olney's guest had uninterrupted opportunities for renewing their old delightful intercourse. At San Bernardino Dean Currier was also delightfully entertained for a few days by another Pella pupil and friend, Mr. Jesse Curtis. Dr. Pickard also made it very pleasant for him at his daughter's home and on a two days' trip to Leland Stanford. Everywhere from Los Angeles to Seattle and Portland he found S. U. I. students, and in several places banquets and receptions were arranged for him and everywhere the most beautiful private hospitality was lavished upon him. His stay in Oakland was particularly interesting because of Mr. Olney's position as one of the leading lawyers and citizens on the Pacific Coast. He was able to introduce him to so many delightful people. He particularly enjoyed meeting some of the Berkeley and Leland Stanford men and Mrs. Mills of the Mills School for Girls. So the vacations went with refresh-

ment and change of scene, giving renewed energy and vigor to impart to the youth at the University.

As a public speaker Prof. Currier had many occasions to make himself felt through memorial addresses, introductions and acknowledgments. Upon the presentation of his portrait to the University by the class of 1905, he then said to the members of the Senior class in this formal way: "I wish to express to you my deep sense of the honor you have done me in choosing for your class memorial a portrait of myself. The picture I think an excellent one in every respect as a mark of your appreciation of my official conduct as well as a token of personal regard. I value your act very highly and count it as one of the pleasantest incidents in my long and happy University service. To the Phi Beta Kappa society he said: "I am glad to share in your formal introduction into our ancient fraternity, for I believe you worthy to enter our family. You are aware that Phi Beta Kappa is quite apart from other college fraternities; it is a private, not a secret society; then it does not admit its members on merely personal grounds; its basis of election is character and scholarship, and in the matter of scholarship it is guided by the judgment of the faculty and not of our own members. However, no greater scholarship, no abilities, and no other personal qualities can insure election without character. Scholarship in the classics is with us an essential condition because of the belief in their unique power as an instrument of culture and their vital relation to modern literature, thought and life. The true spirit of Phi Beta Kappa stands for substance not show, for the humility of true culture, not the self conceit of the Pharisee, the things of the mind and spirit not of sense. It is a fraternity of men and women of scholarly requirements and tastes, standing for the sweetness and light of culture in its broadest sense. The long roll of the brotherhood is a proof that such culture is a source of power fruitful in noble achievements. I pray you to make your lives worthy of their ideals and their examples."

While this paper has been largely made up of the career of this distinguished educator, it may be said, very truly, that

the germs of character, the silent influences which guided his career were found in the surroundings of his childhood and the home life which developed from his marriage. In the home first of all Prof. Currier's fine balance of character revealed itself, as it was the privilege of a few students to live with Prof. and Mrs. Currier, from year to year, it was impossible not to know intimately the daily family life in its routine. At table the manners were gracious and hospitable, seasoned with conversations serious or gay. The children in the family were enlivening and interesting, and their guidance and care received the earnest solicitude of the parents. The atmosphere of books and learning was necessarily conspicuous and the companionship of books was a pronounced pleasure. This did not prevent a constant air of hospitality to the neighbors and friends and stranger within the gates. The peripatetic Professor of Greek and his wife, who dropped in for a friendly call were welcome, formal entertainments were given to the Latin classes or the Seniors, or some other group as the case might be, and a returned alumnus or his child was sure of an invitation to a meal at the family board. This necessitated a harmony of interest in the workings of the family relationship where the social and home life was properly related to the career of the bread winner. It was one of the pleasures of returning friends to note the aspiration and enlargement of scope which the family home on Clinton street took on from time to time. There would be the addition of a porch across the front, or an addition for the new study, and the last improvement was going on at the time of Prof. Currier's sudden death, a comfortable fire place in the library of books, where the glow of an open fire and the cheer of an open book would make so happy a combination for the pair of lovers to sit by in the evening of life. That the book and the fire is for one alone is a sad fact; but there are memories and returning children and grandchildren for the warm glow of the home hearth, and there is an undying influence of a fine and noble spirit whose pure and exalted life deserves the tribute of considerate contemplation and emulation.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN IOWA SOLDIER.

BY COL. GEORGE W. CROSLY.

It was my great privilege to ~~have~~ enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintance with the late Charles Aldrich, founder of The Historical Department of Iowa. He was a frequent and welcome guest at my home in Webster City. I had often—in response to his urgent request—related to him events of which I was either a witness or in which I was a participant, during my experience as a soldier from 1861 to 1865. He had as often urged me to write out these reminiscences for publication in the Annals of Iowa. I had partially complied with his request by preparing a paper on “Lauman’s Charge at Jackson,” which was published in Volume 1, of the Annals. Since his death I have regretted that I had not been more responsive to his wishes in this regard. Now that I have passed the seventy-third mile-stone on my journey of life, and am reminded that the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Shiloh is very near at hand, and recalling, as I do, the deep interest with which Mr. Aldrich listened to my description of the scenes and incidents of that and other battles in which I had taken part, I am impelled to offer for publication in the Annals some further recollections of those old war days.

The memories of a soldier, whose service extended over four years of active duty in the field, include so many events of greater or less interest and importance that it would require a volume of hundreds of pages in which to describe them. It is my purpose in this article to touch upon only a few of those events, and thus not exceed a reasonable limitation of space. I shall, therefore, recall only the experiences which relate to two of the numerous occasions in which my regiment engaged in battle with the enemy, and give an account of some of the incidents which have left the most vivid impression upon my memory. In the article heretofore published in the Annals,

I have described the desperate charge made by my regiment and brigade on the 12th day of July, 1863. In that charge we suffered the greatest loss—in proportion to the number engaged—which was met by my regiment in any of its battles, although upon that occasion we were under the fire of the enemy for a shorter time than in any of the others.

My personal service embraced a wide experience in different capacities, extending from that of First Sergeant of Company E, Third Regiment Iowa Volunteer Infantry to First Lieutenant, Major, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel of that regiment, and—near the close of the war—I received the appointment of Major in Hancock's Veteran Army Corps. After my first promotion, I was at various times in command of my regiment, and thus had actual experience in most of the phases of a soldier's life, except that of being taken prisoner, which direful misfortune I was happy in escaping.

In the summer and fall of 1861, my regiment was in active service in the State of Missouri. We had numerous skirmishes with the enemy and had several men killed and wounded during the summer, but our heaviest loss had been from sickness resulting from the hardships and exposure to which we had been subjected. On the 17th day of September, 1861, at Blue Mills Landing, on the Missouri river, we had our first experience in battle. Lieutenant Colonel John Scott was in command of our regiment. We had marched from Cameron, on the Hannibal and St. Jo Railroad, to Liberty, Mo., within four miles of Blue Mills Landing, and halted there to await the arrival of reinforcements before proceeding to attack the enemy, who were reported to be in large force at the Landing. We had waited several hours for Colonel Smith, of the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry, who was reported to be near at hand with his regiment and other troops, and were becoming impatient on account of the fact that it was getting late in the afternoon, and we feared that the enemy—who had a steamboat and a couple of barges at their command—would retreat across the river before our forces could unite and join in the attack. While holding a conference with his officers, Lieutenant Colonel Scott received information that the rebels had been advised of the approach of

our reinforcements, and that they had already commenced to cross the river. We then decided to move forward, after sending a courier to Colonel Smith, advising him of the situation and urging him to hasten his march. It was presumed that that portion of the enemy's force which had crossed the river would, upon hearing of our advance, return. That, however, would take time, and most likely enable Colonel Smith to arrive, either in time to participate in the engagement at its commencement, or at least to reinforce us during its progress. We had with us a company of cavalry, which we had used for scouting purposes, and which was sent forward to locate the enemy's position. In attempting to accomplish that purpose—in which they were only partially successful—the company met with a severe loss in killed and wounded. Among the killed were the Captain of the company and four of his men, who fell near each other. My company—of which I was then First Lieutenant—saw those dead men lying near the road, and were thus reminded of the fate that surely awaited some of us, for we knew that the enemy was in close proximity and that we must soon become engaged in deadly conflict.

I have often been asked to describe the sensation I experienced upon first going into battle. I can only say that, while not indifferent to the danger that confronted us, I was eager for the fighting to begin and to have my courage put to the test. Upon comparing notes with my comrades—after the battle was over—I found that the sensations experienced were about the same with all of us. Our skirmishers were soon hotly engaged and, in a few minutes, the conflict became general. We had advanced through thick timber and underbrush, which gave concealment to the enemy, and therefore enabled them to withhold their fire until we were close upon them. While it was very evident that the enemy not only had the advantage of position, but that their force was greatly superior to our own in point of numbers, we did not abandon hope that we would be able to hold our ground until reinforcements should arrive. We continued to fight desperately for over an hour. We saw our comrades being killed and wounded, but our personal danger was not to be considered. At length our

brave commander realized that—in order to avoid being surrounded—it was necessary for us to retreat, and the order was given. Immediately the thought came to us—should we be able to extricate ourselves from the danger of capture which now threatened us? Everything depended upon the manner in which the retreat, under fire, was to be conducted. It was of supreme importance that the coolness, courage and skill of the officers should be conspicuously exhibited, in order to prevent the thing most to be dreaded in battle—a panic. Although this was their first experience in a real battle, and, notwithstanding the adverse conditions under which it was fought, the men showed no evidence of panic, but behaved with the same fortitude and courage which distinguished them in all the battles in which they were subsequently engaged.

The retreat was successfully conducted, and, just as night was closing in, the enemy—having been constantly held in check by a galling fire from our rear guard—abandoned the pursuit. Shortly after this our reinforcements arrived, but night had fallen and it was not deemed wise to renew the conflict before morning. During the night, however, the enemy had crossed the river and were beyond our reach.

In this battle we had made the mistake of attacking a largely superior force of the enemy, under the supposition—believed to be well-founded—that the troops marching to our assistance were within supporting distance. Had they been able to reach us in time, there is not a reasonable doubt that we would have won a substantial victory. Greater mistakes were made—with more disastrous results—on many occasions during the war, by both Union and Confederate commanders of high rank. In the dreadful trade of war, as well as in the peaceful avocations of life, experience is often purchased at heavy cost.

Mingled with the tragedies of battle there sometimes occurs an incident of grave humor, which, while it may not at the time occasion an out-break of boisterous mirth, is subsequently recalled with that effect. During the battle of Blue Mills, Major William M. Stone was wounded in the head, while gallantly discharging his duty. His friend, Captain Daniel P. Long, of Company B, who was near the Major when he fell and

was bending over his unconscious form, had located the wound and supposed it was fatal. In a few moments, however, the Major began to regain consciousness and—rising to a sitting posture—shouted in stentorian tones, which rose above the din of battle: “*Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court!*” To appreciate the humor of this command, it must be remembered that at the commencement of the war Major Stone was one of the Judges of the District Court of the State of Iowa. During the session of his court, in Washington, Iowa, on that memorable day when the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter was flashed over the wires, Judge Stone had just ordered a new jury impaneled, when some one handed the sheriff a telegram, which he at once passed to the Judge. Upon reading the telegram Judge Stone immediately gave the order: “*Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the Court sine die!*” and added “*I am going home to raise a Company for the war.*” In the interval of being restored to a conscious condition, the Major’s mind had evidently reverted to the commotion in the court room which followed his order to the sheriff instead of the commotion of battle then going on about him. After his recovery from his wound he was often reminded by his brother officers of his order to adjourn the court at Blue Mills, and as often replied: “Well, it was a proper order considering the circumstances surrounding the Court at the time it was given.” Major Stone was subsequently made Colonel of the Twenty-second Iowa Infantry and achieved distinction while in command of that regiment. He afterwards served two terms as Governor of Iowa.

Among the particularly sad incidents of the battle of Blue Mills was the death of Thomas M. Mix, son of Quartermaster Sergeant Edward H. Mix. At the commencement of the war, father and son had enlisted on the same day and enjoyed each other’s comradeship until that fatal day when the son gave his life for his country. His father—although greatly depressed by his bereavement—was all the more determined to go forward in the discharge of his duty. He was subsequently commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry, and was killed in battle at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864. He was a brave and capable officer, and one of

the most self-sacrificing and patriotic men I ever knew. It is a satisfaction to recall the pleasant hours I spent in companionship with him. He was one of nature's noblemen—the kind of man whose friendship is both a privilege and an honor.

Lieutenant Colonel Scott, who commanded in the battle of Blue Mills, had been the Captain of the company in which I enlisted. He was a veteran of the Mexican War, a true soldier, and a man of superior ability. Every man and officer in the regiment bore witness to his conspicuous coolness and courage under the hottest fire of the enemy. He was a large man and was mounted upon an iron grey horse proportionate in size and was, therefore, more exposed to danger than any other officer. It seemed impossible that he should escape death, but he was not even wounded. His hat and clothes were several times pierced with balls, and it seemed miraculous to his comrades that his life was spared. His horse was struck several times, but not so seriously injured as to prevent him from carrying his rider through the battle. Lieutenant Colonel Scott was afterward made Colonel of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry, and won glory and honor for himself and his regiment in the hard-fought battle of Pleasant Hill, La. He was a true patriot, resigning a seat in the Senate of Iowa, and leaving wife and children and a pleasant home to enter the service of his country. After the close of the war he was twice elected a member of the State Senate, and was also its President while serving as Lieutenant-Governor of Iowa.

Major John F. Lacey was one of the brave and gallant soldiers who fought in the ranks at Blue Mills. He was then Fourth Corporal of Company H, Third Iowa Infantry. He afterwards became a First Lieutenant in the Thirty-third Iowa Infantry, was promoted to the rank of Major, and served with distinction on the staff of Major General Frederick Steele. Since the close of the war Major Lacey has rendered distinguished public service as Representative in Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Iowa, serving in that capacity for eight terms. He has also won distinction as one of the ablest lawyers in the State.

Seymour D. Thompson, First Sergeant of Company F, Third Iowa Infantry, was another one of the gallant fighters at Blue Mills. He was near the writer of these lines during the greater part of the engagement, and I can bear testimony to the fact that, among all the brave men who took part in that battle, none did more to inspire his comrades, by his example of coolness and courage, than Sergeant Thompson. He subsequently won well deserved promotion to the rank of Captain in the Third United States Heavy Artillery, in which capacity he served until the close of the war. In civil life he won fame and distinction as an attorney, jurist, and eminent law-writer.

Having planned a visit to some friends in other Iowa regiments encamped at Pittsburg Landing, on the morning of April 6, 1862, I rose very early—nearly an hour before the time for reveille—and betook myself to a little stream some distance from our camp, for the purpose of taking a bath. On the way I was beguiled by the morning songs of the birds and the fragrance of the wild flowers, and sauntered slowly along until I came to the little pool where I had been in the habit of bathing. Just then I heard the sound of reveille and knew I must hasten in order to get back to camp by the time breakfast would be ready. I was just in the act of taking off the last garment, preparatory to stepping into the water, when—boom—boom—boom—boom! came the sound of cannon away to the front. I listened intently for a few moments and could detect the sound of musketry intermingled with the louder reports of artillery, and became convinced that a severe conflict was in progress at the extreme front of our lines, about two miles from the place where I was standing.

I concluded that was no time to take a bath, hurried into my clothes, and started on a swift run for camp. Before I had accomplished half the distance, I heard the long roll beating in all the camps and knew that a great battle must be impending. With all the speed of which I was capable I ran towards our camp and, when I came in sight of it, saw my regiment formed on the color line. Rushing to my tent I grasped my belt and, buckling it around me as I ran, took my place in line at the head of my company. I knew that many of my things were

scattered about my tent, but that was no time to look after them. Later I found that my trunk had been saved by the Quartermaster, but all my property that was not in it became the spoils of the rebels when they captured our camp that evening. I had not breakfasted, but I was entirely oblivious of that fact. We stood there in line for some little time before the order came to advance, and I might have gone to the mess tent and procured some food, but the thought did not occur to me. I found that most of my comrades had been equally improvident, and those of us who survived the battle went nearly without food for the two days of its duration. On the morning of the second day a comrade gave me a hard cracker and a piece of Bologna sausage, and that was all the food I tasted from Saturday night until Monday night.

Before the order came to move to the front, the officers were engaged in talking to their men, reminding them of the instructions they had received with regard to keeping cool and steady under fire, of paying strict attention to orders, that the duty of looking after the wounded belonged to the surgeons and stretcher bearers, and that while the fighting was going on it was the sole duty of each soldier to inflict as much damage upon the enemy as possible, that no soldier should think for a moment of retreating until he received orders to do so, that any exhibition of cowardice would meet with condign punishment. The men were all duly impressed by these admonitions. In the two days' battle that ensued, there were of course some instances in which—in response to the dictates of humanity—both officers and men temporarily turned aside to succor a wounded comrade and prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy, but such acts were not regarded as a serious intention to disobey orders. In so far as my observation extended, but one instance of actual cowardice occurred in my own regiment, and in that case, I am glad to say, the soldier afterwards fully redeemed himself. As we advanced to meet the enemy we met many stragglers from the front, whose regiments were falling back before the severe fire which they had encountered. Some of these men were wounded; others, who were not injured, had become panic-stricken. A few of the latter regained

courage at the sight of fresh troops coming into action and, joining our ranks, again marched against the enemy, but most of them seemed utterly demoralized and continued their mad flight to the rear.

We soon encountered the enemy in strong force. My regiment and brigade went into action with a ringing cheer, and in a short time drove the rebels from our immediate front and across an open field of about ten acres to the shelter of the woods beyond. Several batteries of artillery—both from the Union and Rebel lines—now engaged in a fierce conflict, while the infantry on both sides waited in breathless expectation for the order to advance, while exposed to the exploding shells and whistling grape-shot, and suffering numerous casualties. The heaviest loss came later on, when the deadly musketry fire was delivered at close range, the enemy charging across the open field with such courage and gallantry as challenged our admiration.

We had—for the second time—repulsed as desperate a charge as was made upon any part of that battlefield. It was now about half past three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. There was a lull in the conflict while both sides were preparing for a renewal of the deadly struggle. The enemy's dead were thickly strewn over the field in our front, while our own lay upon all sides about us. In some places they were intermingled, so close had been the opposing lines to each other. We replenished our ammunition—which had become nearly exhausted—and quietly awaited the advance of the enemy. On the opposite side of the field we could see the rebel officers riding to and fro along their lines, evidently encouraging their men to make a last desperate effort to break our lines. To our left heavy firing was still going on, and we kept looking anxiously in that direction to see whether our troops there engaged would be able to keep the enemy in check, and thus prevent them from outflanking and compelling us to abandon the position we had so far been able to maintain against them.

Suddenly the din of the conflict on our left increased to a steady roar, mingled with the victorious yells of the enemy. It at once became evident that our troops on the left were

giving ground, and that the enemy had succeeded in turning their flank and would soon be able to render our position untenable. Just at this moment the enemy again appeared in our front. They came at a charging step, their officers waving their swords, and the familiar rebel yell rising above the roar of our batteries, which were dealing death and destruction in their ranks. We withheld our musketry fire until they were close upon us, and then delivered it with terrible effect. They began to waver and fall back, but, at that critical moment, we found ourselves exposed to a flanking fire from the left, and nothing remained for us but to abandon our position in order to avoid being surrounded. This we did in good order, but with heavy loss from the concentrated fire in our front and on our left. During this severe struggle several notable instances of personal bravery came under my immediate observation. I can close my eyes and recall those scenes of carnage as distinctly as though it were but yesterday instead of fifty years ago.

Sergeant Jacob Swank, of Company F, had been shot through the calf of the right leg during the second charge, and had also received a slight scalp wound, the blood from which covered his face as he stooped to bandage the wound in his leg with his handkerchief—using a stick as a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood. I asked him if the ball had struck the bone, and he replied, "No, I can walk all right." As he looked up to answer my question, his face presented a bloody spectacle, but he laughed and said: "That wound in my head is not so bad as it looks, it is only a scratch." I ordered him to go to the rear and have his wounds attended to by the surgeon, but he begged to be allowed to stay with his comrades. Just then the charge was renewed, and, when the retreat began, there was Sergeant Swank, ably assisting me in keeping his company in line, coolly loading and firing his musket, and remaining on duty until the close of the battle.

When the regiment was compelled to retreat, it kept well in line. The men would deliver their fire, then about face and move rapidly to the rear, loading as they went; then, at the word of command, turn and fire and retreat again. In this

manner we succeeded in checking the advance of the enemy until we had reached and passed through our own camp ground, within the limits of which many officers and men were killed or wounded. Here fell two of the best and bravest men of my own company—John M. Skiff and James H. Ewing. We afterwards found them lying close to each other. They had been very intimate friends and it seemed fitting that they should have fought and died together. The death of these men made an unusually deep impression on the minds of their surviving comrades, because of the fact that they both had a strong presentiment that in the battle—that all were expecting would soon be fought—they would be killed. Singular as it may seem, all those in my company who were killed at Shiloh had been impressed with the same feeling, as was afterwards recalled by one or more of their comrades. Others, however, who survived may have had the same presentiment, which they did not reveal. For myself, while never ignoring the probability of such a fate, I can truthfully say that I both hoped and expected that my life would be spared.

Just as we had reached the farther edge of our camp ground the enemy was closing in on both flanks. Looking to the right and left we could see them rapidly narrowing the gap in our rear, which constituted our only chance of escaping capture. Up to this time we had kept facing to the rear and firing, thus keeping the enemy in check; our retreat was thus retarded, and we now found ourselves almost surrounded. The alternative left for us was to run the gauntlet or surrender. We did not hesitate for a moment, but dashed forward towards the open space in our rear, leaving only our dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy. When that gap closed behind us there was nothing left for such of our troops as had failed to retreat in time but to surrender.

In and near our camp ground the rebels reaped a rich harvest of prisoners, including the survivors of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Regiments of Iowa Infantry. Among those of the Third Iowa who fell into the hands of the enemy was the gallant Major Stone, whose horse was shot under

him during the retreat. He was caught under the horse and, before he could extricate himself, was taken prisoner.

At a later period in the war, after Major Stone had been released from imprisonment and had become Colonel of the Twenty-second Iowa, his regiment was encamped in our vicinity. I—in company with a number of my brother officers—called upon him at his headquarters. He was very glad to see us and we were soon engaged in recalling the eventful scenes through which we had passed at Shiloh. Some one remarked that he had been told that Major Stone had said he was laboring under the impression, at the time he was captured, that the entire regiment had shared his fate. He promptly replied: “That is true, gentlemen, and you must admit that I was not far wrong in holding that opinion, for—as a matter of fact—I did surrender the ‘Major’ portion of the regiment.”

Just after we had passed our camp ground the brave Captain M. M. Trumbull—later Colonel of the Ninth Iowa Cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier General—was wounded, and fell immediately in front of me. I stopped and raised him to a sitting posture, but he insisted upon my leaving him, saying it was better for him to be captured than for me to share his fate. Just then Joseph McGinnis—a large and powerful soldier of Captain Trumbull’s company (I)—came to the rescue, shouldered his Captain and bore him to a place of safety in the rear. Shortly after this we rallied and reformed our line and—in company with other troops—held the enemy in check near the point of last resistance, where Colonel Webster, of General Grant’s staff, had massed a number of batteries, which opened upon the advancing rebel troops just as night was closing in. It was there that the tide of battle turned in our favor, and the day was saved for the Union Army.

As an instance of signal bravery I recall the return of Joseph McGinnis to his company, after he had carried his Captain off the field. When he had gone to the rear all seemed lost, and, in returning, he had expected to either die with his comrades or be captured with them. No more noble act of heroism was performed on that field. Before closing my reminiscences of the first day of the battle I want to recall two or

three notable incidents. Soon after our retreat began, and the men had reloaded their guns, I had given the order to halt, about face, and fire. The enemy was following us closely and must have suffered severely from the volley we gave them at close range, as the cartridges for our muskets contained an ounce ball and three buckshot. Sergeant Thomas Mulvana, of my company, had just fired his musket, when he was shot through the heart and fell dead. Private John L. Woods—a close friend and comrade of Mulvana—seized hold of the body and was making an effort to carry it off the field, when he was shot and fell across the dead body of his friend. We found them in that position after the close of the battle. The presumption was that Woods thought Mulvana was not dead, but only unconscious from a severe wound, and that he resolved to rescue him from falling into the hands of the enemy. Be that as it may, Woods sealed his devoted friendship by the sacrifice of his life.

Several times during the retreat, which was marked by a trail of blood, the enemy came within easy pistol range and I—in common with those of my brother officers who had escaped death or wounds—discharged our revolvers in the faces of our foes, reloaded and emptied them again and again. First Lieutenant John P. Knight of Company I—afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth Iowa Cavalry—had just emptied his revolver and was in the act of reloading it when he was struck in the left forearm and also in the right leg. He detached his sword and scabbard from his belt, and, using it as a cane, hobbled along for a short time as best he could. I saw him just as we reached our camp ground and then lost sight of him. He afterwards told me that he stumbled and fell and, before he could get upon his feet, the enemy were upon him and he was compelled to surrender.

Our Quartermaster, George W. Clark—afterwards Colonel of the Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry and later a Brigadier General—was a brave man. The duties of his office kept him out of battle, but while he had remained in camp, looking after the regimental transportation and supplies, knowing that his regiment was in the thick of the fight, he became so anxious

that he could no longer restrain the impulse to ride to the front and see how things were going with us. He reached the regiment just after we had repulsed the second charge of the enemy and while there was a lull in the firing in our immediate front. He was sitting on his horse, talking with a group of officers— of which I was one—when Major Stone rode up and ordered him to return to his place in the rear, saying to him: "Those of us who survive will need your valuable services when this fight is over and we don't want you to get killed." Just then the enemy's batteries again opened from the opposite side of the field, and Quartermaster Clark reluctantly left us and rode away to the rear. He afterwards told me that he rode slowly until he was well out of sight of the regiment, and then rode rapidly back to camp. Not long after we began our retreat the shells from the enemy's guns were falling about our camp, and Quartermaster Clark at once set about loading up the supplies and sending them to the rear. He succeeded in saving the knapsacks of the men and most of the officers' baggage. I still have the old trunk he saved for me and some of the relics it contained; I also have the old sword and belt, and the brace of revolvers I carried and used at Shiloh. These grim reminders of the old war days are highly prized by my family.

During the retreat my regiment had become separated from the other regiments of the brigade and had been fighting its own battle until we reached the point I have mentioned, where the first day's conflict ended. Our casualties had been very heavy. We had lost one hundred and eighty-seven in killed, wounded and captured. Nearly all of those who were captured—thirty men and officers—were wounded; our total loss was a little over one-third of the number engaged. Our loss in officers was very heavy. Of the twenty-six commissioned officers who had reported for duty in the morning, only seven were left for duty in the evening, none of them above the rank of Lieutenant. After the fall of Captain Trumbull, I was the senior in rank of those who remained and, therefore, the command of the regiment devolved upon me. I reported to Colonel M. M. Crocker of the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry, and was assigned by him to a position on the right of his regiment. There we remained

during the tremendous artillery duel which ensued and continued until darkness put an end to the first day's battle. We then rejoined our brigade and lay upon our arms during the night.

I will not here attempt to give an account of the events connected with the second day of the battle of Shiloh. Suffice it to say that the Third Iowa Infantry contributed its full share in achieving the glorious victory won by the Union Army before the close of that day. We returned to our camp just as the shades of night were falling, almost completely exhausted. No detail was made upon our regiment that night for picket duty, because of the fact that none of us were able to perform that service, and there was little need of it, for the entire rebel army was in full retreat towards Corinth, Miss. Some rations had been procured for us, but the tired men—even in their almost famished condition—were content to partake of only coffee and hard crackers before lying down and lapsing into profound slumber. I had lain down as soon as I had given the order to stack arms on the color line and break ranks, and had gone to sleep almost as soon as I touched the ground. I was soon awakened by two of my good comrades, who invited me to partake of the coffee, bacon and hard crackers they had prepared and were anxious to share with me. Hungry as I was, I would have preferred to ~~have~~ slept without breaking my fast until morning, but, not wishing to show lack of appreciation of the kindness of those men, I thankfully accepted their invitation, and never did food taste better than that we ate by the smoldering camp fire that night. After satisfying the cravings of hunger, we were soon sleeping soundly under the open sky. So deep and profound was our slumber that we did not awaken until the sun had arisen.

Our camp presented a scene of wreck and desolation. The tents were rent and torn almost to fragments, showing how fiercely the storm of battle had raged there. The dead—both friends and foes—lay all around us. Our first duty was to gather up our dead comrades, both there and on other parts of the field where they had fallen. We buried them with the honors of war, near our camp. This sad duty performed, we

furnished details, to join those from other commands in burying the dead of the enemy, which duty was not wholly completed until two days after the close of the battle. While our own dead were buried in separate graves, it was impossible to perform a like office for all those of the enemy. They were mostly buried in long trenches, the rapid decomposition of the bodies rendering this a necessity, and making it a most disagreeable duty. Let it not be imagined, however, that we were lacking in respect for the rebel dead. We admired the valor with which they had met death, and recognized the fact that they fell fighting for a cause they believed to be just. Like our dead comrades, they had been animated with patriotic devotion to the flag under which they fought, and had sealed that devotion with their lives. While we cherished no resentment against these men who had fallen, we rejoiced in the victory we had won, and were firmly resolved to go forward in the discharge of our duty to our flag and country, until the final victory was achieved and a lasting peace restored.

The dear woman who became my wife on the 16th day of April, 1864, (when I was on veteran furlough with those of my comrades who had re-enlisted to serve during the remainder of the war,) has preserved the letters which I wrote her during all the years of my soldier life. Among those letters is a long one written a few days after the battle of Shiloh. That letter—written while everything which I had observed was fresh in my mind—describes some of the incidents I have depicted in this article. In those days, while I was in the full vigor and strength of young manhood, I was inclined, perhaps, to somewhat extravagant expressions, but, after again reading that letter, written fifty years ago, I am inclined to the opinion that it is better than anything I have written since. Had my dear wife given her permission, I might well have offered that old letter—even with all its words of love and endearment—in place of much that is contained in this article. My wife accompanied me to the Shiloh Battlefield some years ago, to witness the dedication of the beautiful Iowa monuments erected there.

After the dedication, we went to the old Third Iowa camp ground, and I pointed out to her the location of my tent and the place where I sat when I wrote her that letter. We also went over the ground where my regiment had fought, and followed the line of retreat back to the old camp ground, and on to the line of last resistance on Sunday night, and there I showed her where my regiment formed for the last determined and successful stand against the enemy. There stands the marker showing our position, near where the splendid Iowa State Monument now stands. Needless to say the occasion was to both of us one of deep and lasting significance.

But few of the old regiment remain upon earth at the time these lines are written, and they are widely separated, I being the only survivor living in Hamilton County. But two of my old company are living in Story County, where it was organized, and where the largest number of its members were living at the time of their enlistment, May 21, 1861. These two comrades are Hon. J. A. Fitchpatrick, of Nevada, and Jesse Bowen, of Maxwell, Iowa. The survivors of the regiment have held many reunions since the close of the war, all of which it has been my privilege to attend. They are now so few in number, so widely scattered, and so advanced in years, that they have probably met together in reunion for the last time. To some of the old comrades, who may chance to read this article, it may seem invidious to have mentioned so few of the names and deeds of those of the old regiment who fought at Blue Mills and Shiloh. To have done so, however, would have required the extension of this article to such length as to have occupied as much space as is devoted to an entire number of the *Annals*. I may, therefore, be pardoned for briefly calling attention to that exhaustive work, entitled: "Roster and Record of Iowa Soldiers," which can be found in all public libraries of the State, and which contains the personal record of each officer and enlisted man, as well as a brief historical sketch of every Iowa military organization. While it is true that those records are very brief—giving but a mere outline of the service performed—they have the merit of having been transcribed from the official records, and are therefore as full, complete and im-

partial as was possible to make them. Except for their brevity, and whatever errors may have been made in the official reports and returns from which they were compiled, they may be regarded as substantially correct; while the incidents I have here mentioned, and the names connected with them, will be found—by comparison—to accord with the records contained in the work to which I have referred.

A PLAINS ADVENTURE OF AN IOWA MAN.

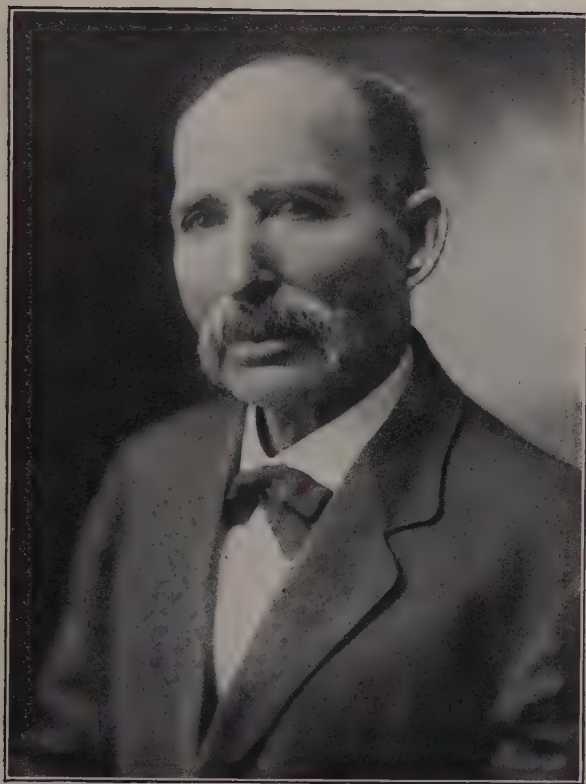
BY MARCELLUS PUGSLEY.

In the fall of 1862, John Henry, with his family, moved from Albert Lea, Minn., to Harrison county, Iowa. He brought a herd of cows and young cattle and during the fall he cut on the surrounding prairies enough hay to winter his stock, two hundred tons or more. The following winter he occupied an abandoned house one and one-half miles from my father's home.

During the winter we became acquainted and attended several debates at the country schoolhouses, and as the war for the Union was in full swing, the questions were generally political. He and I being Republicans stood for the flag in every case. Having a gift of strong language he did not spare the enemy.

About this time it became known that the great plains afforded almost unlimited pasturage both winter and summer. Mr. Henry decided to move to Colorado in the spring, and asked me to go with him at twenty dollars per month. I readily obtained the consent of my parents. I now know they were afraid I would go into the army as soon as I attained my majority, which would have been in a few months.

In April, Hotchkiss & Wright, from Colorado, bought a herd of over one hundred cows and young cattle. It was agreed that we should go together. Our own herd consisted of one hundred and seventy, counting calves. L. Crane and



Marcellus Pugsley

family and William Palmer, a single man, also joined us. They had some cattle, too, so that there were in the drove about three hundred and twenty-five head. We started on May 7th, 1863.

Mr. Henry's outfit consisted of two wagons, one drawn by mules and the other, of which I was driver, by oxen. On the way to Council Bluffs we were much annoyed by the cattle at large on the prairies running into our herd and insisting on going with us. We crossed the Missouri at Plattsmouth instead of Omaha. This saved crossing the Loup and fording the Platte at Fort Kearney. Also we had less travel, fewer farms to annoy us and pasturage was better. The ferry across the Missouri was propelled by oars, two on each side of the boat and two or more men to the oar. We had a time of it holding the cattle among the brush and timber on the east side, while the boat was taking them over at the rate of thirty or forty at a trip.

We had not gone more than twenty miles west of the Missouri when our four friends became dissatisfied with our slow progress, (Henry desiring to move slowly so as not to tire the cows and calves, some of which were very young), so they took their stock and went on. The family wagon was hitched behind my wagon and the mules were used to drive the cattle. When the stock was divided it was found that fifteen head were strays.

The Platte river from Kearney runs in a northeast course making an abrupt bend to the southeast at Fremont. The road divided, one branch following the river and the other going across through the hills, which were not at all high or steep. It was a most beautiful country, and we chose wisely in taking the cut-off road, which in places may have been twenty miles from the Platte. We joined the Platte route near the lower end of Grand Island where the road from Nebraska City came in.

It was here that I first saw a real freight train. Twenty wagons, the largest and strongest I had ever seen, were each loaded with three tons of corn and drawn by five yoke of oxen. When a train went into camp at night or for the noon rest,

the wagons were drawn up in two semicircles, forming a corral with an opening at each end which could be closed by chains, to keep the cattle in while being yoked. This corral was large enough to hold the two hundred oxen required to haul the train. I saw many such trains on the way out, and they were all managed in about the same way.

The teamsters were called bull-whackers. Each man owned his own bed, which consisted of two or more blankets and did well enough when the weather was warm, but in the winter they "doubled up" and nearly froze. Each man took care of his share of the dishes which consisted of a tin plate and cup, a knife, fork and spoon. The cook, who drove the mess wagon, made the bread and coffee and fried the pork. They did not call it pork; it was "sow-belly." When all was ready the men came with their dishes, received a couple of biscuits, a piece of meat, some molasses, a cup of coffee with sugar to suit taste, all of which was keenly relished, as I know by experience. Each man washed his own dishes. The best way was to use a gunny-sack and ashes, with which things could be made to shine. Only a few were so nice, however, but then none had ever heard of ptomaine poison at that time. Really, bacteria and such things must have been very obliging not to take advantage of our ignorance in those days.

The country here was fine, slightly rolling, but supposed at that time to be a little too dry for safe farming. When we approached the Platte we descended quite a hill to gain the bottom lands. We camped by a small creek coming out of the hills and let the herd range off toward the Platte, which was studded with islands ranging in size from an acre or less to half a township. There was much timber on them, cottonwood and red cedar predominating. In some cases, especially farther up the river, the center of the island would be prairie. Still farther up-stream there was no timber.

The next morning we found that a fine calf had died of blackleg. We made a drive of about ten miles and camped by a stream of clear, cold water that flowed from a large spring. There we missed a cow, so the next morning I was sent back to our former camp to look for her. I found her and a young

calf as expected. I drove her up to the highway, where I stopped to feed my mule and eat lunch. A couple of Indians came to me to inquire about the calf that had died the night before. They wanted it, but were afraid that it had been poisoned for wolves. It took them a long time to make me understand, and in turn it took me a long time to assure them that it was all right. I did not then know the deadly character of anthrax.

When I resumed my journey the cow concluded that she did not want to go, so she whispered something into the calf's ear and it would not follow her. I don't know what she said to it but it was plain that there was an understanding between them. I roped the cow and the calf laid down. Then I took the calf upon the mule, supporting it with a large bell-strap that I had found, passing the strap over my right shoulder and under the calf at my left side. Then I drove the cow, which hung back if I went ahead, and in that way I made camp about sundown.

When we arrived at Ft. Kearney we had plenty of company, for the roads from Atchison, Leavenworth and Omaha were all joined in one there. We had also a telegraph and stage line. The stage stations were twelve or fifteen miles apart. The horses were changed at each station and about every fourth or fifth station was a home station where the drivers changed for rest. The time required from Denver to the Missouri river was six days and the fare was one hundred dollars. From Kearney westward there was much travel and noise.

The ranches were at convenient places for hay and water, and were from six to twelve miles apart. Water could be had most anywhere on the Platte bottoms by digging wells from three to five whisky barrels deep. Water was drawn by a pole, rarely by an old fashioned sweep. It was good water, too.

The ranch buildings were of sod walls, with timbers, brush and hay for a cover, and on top of all, about a foot of earth. They were generally without a floor. The house was divided into a living room and a store room. The store sold a line of common groceries and always whisky. The other room where teamsters could cook and sleep was not much used in mild weather. There was also a stable large enough to accom-

moderate about sixty span of horses, (generally mules) and a sod corral sufficient for two or three hundred head of cattle.

There were generally three to five men, a herd of cattle, consisting of oxen for hauling hay and wood and an occasional trip to the Missouri river for supplies. They were always prepared to trade a sound ox for a lame one, and sometimes get its value in "boot" or if a "stray" should be found it was *permitted* to run with the herd.

Near Kearney we found a man named Charles Dulaney, who was alone. He had a little money and was anxious to go west. Mr. Henry engaged him for his board and lodging to drive the oxen. This released me, so I took a mule and drove loose cattle. Another man, named Jackson, with ox-team loaded with groceries, including some whisky, joined us.

As we approached Cottonwood Springs, about halfway between the mountains and the Missouri, Indians became numerous. They were of the Sioux tribe and had camps down by the river, six or eight miles apart, consisting of from four to twenty lodges. At the spring there were seventy-five. Here were kept soldiers to guard the whites. The other military stations were Kearney, Julesburg and Denver, also Ft. Collins, up the Cache la Poudre. The Indians were inclined to be saucy, and were evidently considering the advisability of killing the whites and taking their stock and goods. Some of them were elaborately painted and in full feather, having their most valued charms attached to their scalp locks, a bounty to the enemy who might be able to take them.

At the first camp west of the springs we missed an animal of the herd. I went back to our last camp to find it. I failed and was too late to return to camp, so I tied the mule by a long rope to a telegraph pole and tried to sleep, but was kept awake until late by the noise of a war dance at a large Indian camp about half a mile away.

The timber on the islands was abundant for about thirty miles in this vicinity. In what were known as the cedar canyons in the hills to the south many thousand ties were cut for the Union Pacific Railroad. A few miles above, timber sud-

denly ceased and no more was seen for one hundred and eighty miles, so we laid by a day to wash and prepare some kindling wood for our timberless journey. We did not need much wood, as our main fuel was buffalo chips, which in dry weather made an excellent fire but needed a little wood for a starter. In rainy weather they were worthless. The ranchmen gathered wagon-loads and put under cover to be used in wet weather, or if besieged by Indians.

Soon after passing Julesburg, two hundred miles east of Denver, we crossed to the north side of the river to get better pasturage and to escape the clouds of dust raised by the numerous trains that we were continually meeting. In another hundred miles we had scrubby cottonwood timber on the islands. About the same place we came in view of the mountains.

At Fremont's Orchard, eighty miles east of Denver, was a large bottom containing plenty of grass suitable for hay. We went as far as Crow Creek, but not finding things to our liking, returned to Orchard, where claims were staked, a house built, also a corral, and a large quantity of hay cut. The calves were separated from the cows, of which there were fifty, and cheese-making was begun. This was in August. Jackson and Dulaney staked claims. Mr. Crane, who had left us at Plattsmouth, returned, and Jesse Burkholder, an Iowa neighbor, hired to Mr. Henry to mow. Then we had another man, Jim Weldon. A man and family, refugees from Arkansas, settled just above us. He was a Union man and had to leave Arkansas.

Soon after staking our claims several Confederates from Missouri staked claims below and above us. They hated us, called us Yankees and disputed our lines which had been guessed out without chain or compass. Our cattle horned their hay and they cut over our lines. Finally they stole one of Mr. Jackson's oxen and started some teams back to the Missouri for supplies. We missed the ox at once, overtook the teams bound east and recovered the ox.

This caused much excitement in our camp. One man proposed that we hang every one of them. This was clearly out of reason and not really meant, but we did take an ox team

down to some hay that they had cut on our claims and captured a load. I don't remember all the details of the battle, only that one man drove the oxen, Weldon and Crane pitched hay and I loaded. Dulaney held the guns, one of which was accidentally discharged, the load taking off part of his hat brim. He put his hand to his head. Weldon dropped his fork and grabbed a gun. Thinks I, "I'll be next," so I leaped off the load and hurried to the man of guns, only to find how it all was. We seemed to be appeased for we did not take any more hay. I hope to be excused for writing the details, because it was the only battle of the war.

✓ Haying was over late in September. Mr. Henry was out of money, but fortunately a Denver hay-buyer bought of him several loads and it was arranged that Burkholder and I should be paid in Denver. Such loads of hay would be an interesting sight moving along the streets of our Capital; say five loads of four tons to the load, each drawn by five yoke of oxen.

The hayracks were built on wagons of the prairie schooner type, capable of carrying ninety hundred over rough roads. I have seen them with ninety hundred weight of hardware. Long poles from the mountains were used, a suitable reach adjusted and the rack built on the wagon, with a windlass at the rear with poles through it, to insert crowbars to draw down the binding pole. After putting on all that could be conveniently loaded, the wagon was left on level ground to settle, while another was being loaded. Then they were topped out and bound.

I have not mentioned many things that might lead to an understanding of the wild and woolly aspect of the country in its earliest throbs of civilization. Of game, the antelope were numerous but very wild, living in the open country. Deer, not numerous, were found on the islands of the upper Platte, jackrabbits, about three times the size of a common rabbit, everywhere in the open country, grouse and many species of birds. Prairie dogs lived in communities miles in extent, the land suiting them. I saw no living buffalo, but many that had been wantonly shot and left to rot, not even a piece of steak taken. They were in various stages of decay. Some may not

have been dead more than a month. There were prairie rattlers on low lands but not numerous, often in dog holes in company with small owls. Wolves were common, also an animal smaller than a fox, the name of which I did not learn. I heard them called swifts, coyotes and such.

At Crow Creek I saw an old frontier man named Gerry, who had lived in the country twenty-four years. His wife was an Arapaho princess. He lived in a house, near which were a couple of wigwams, where his mother-in-law and other relations lived. He had quite a family of children, who, as Arapahoes, drew from the government half-rate annuities, while his wife drew full rate. On some low ground near the Platte he had a small field of corn which the squaws were cultivating. It was squaw corn. He told me that eighteen years ago there fell three feet of snow that remained for three months. The Indians lost nearly all of their horses by starvation. Some were saved by felling cottonwood trees so they could get the bark.

During our journey up the Platte we had a few light rains, but the dust raised by the numerous herds and trains was annoying. On one occasion I observed the sunlight on a dust cloud caused it to appear white as is often seen on real clouds. A mirage was a common sight, but it always appeared like water, generally a lake in some low place. I saw one place where I could look up-stream until the surface of the river met the horizon. The water flowed at the rate of about eighty miles in twenty-four hours, and the incline of the valley was evident to the eye. A deep current would be too swift to be held by alluvial banks, hence the wide shallow channel. The melting snows in the mountains caused an all-summer flood which might amount to a rise of ten or more inches or in extreme case, of two feet, but that would be very high. All summer long herds of cattle were passing to the west. A man traveling east stated that he met sixty-nine herds between Denver and Orchard. Opposite our settlement was a ranch and above it a bottom where they cut hay.

Far down the valley and soon after we had crossed to the north side, two men met us about camping time. They said

they were on their way down to a ranch to work in hay harvest. They had met a friend the morning of that day and drunk freely. Upon resuming their journey they got along nicely until nearly night, when they found that they had left their blankets. They asked for lodging and were accommodated.

There came to us at Orchard a man who told us about these men and the circumstances connected therewith. They said that the men were cattle thieves and had with them fifteen hundred dollars obtained by their craft; that one of the men was Ed. Ingals, who had escaped from the Denver jail, and was fleeing from justice, without bedding, and that they had shadowed them for the purpose of taking in their hides. When a cattle thief has been successful his hide is dry and ready to take by any murderer that gets a good chance. They further stated that they concealed themselves in a ravine not far below our camp and killed these men as they were passing. One of the men who gave this information was called Old Ranger Jones.

During November and December I had occasion to cross the river several times. The current was so swift that it did not readily freeze over, so I sought a suitable place, took off clothing and waded, carrying my clothes. A storm stampeded many herds of cattle. One herd from the Bison, sixty miles away to the northeast struck the Platte where we were, and was scattered along the river for many miles.

A few days later the owners came to look them up. The company was made up of four men with horses, a burro and five dogs. Two men searched for and drove in the cattle. One kept the recovered cattle together, and one stayed with the camp and cooked and the burro carried the bedding, provisions and cooking utensils when they moved to new territory.

Early in January the weather moderated and much of the snow melted. Arrangements were made for passage to the Missouri river by an unloaded train that was returning for freight. I had been homesick for some time, and it gave me great joy to realize that I would soon be on my way home. The fare was ten dollars per man and his baggage. The returning trains carried hundreds of such passengers. They were called

"pilgrims" for short. We did our cooking in a room, apart from the store room, called the pilgrim house. We could use a sheet-iron cook-stove and sleep on the frozen ground floor, all for ten cents per head, day after day for six hundred miles.

At the end of the first day's travel we stayed at a ranch near an old trading-post called Fort Lupton. Here we met an incoming train. So many of us were in each other's way, but good nature prevailed and we were well over our supper when another large mule team rolled in. Then we had the racket all over again, only worse. All hands were disposed to look upon the humorous side of things, moved as I suppose by the very disagreeableness of the mix-up. There was scant room for all to sleep upon the ground.

In one corner of the room an attempt had been made to build a bedstead. The frame, with some poles laid across it, was all there was. A couple of boys made their bed on it. All became, quiet, then one of them arose and sat upon the edge of the bed. "What are you doing?" asked the other. "Resting." That touched off the crowd.

The next morning I examined the ruins of the old fort which had been built many years ago by an old trader named Lupton, as I suppose. It was of sun-dried brick. The woodwork was gone, burned perhaps, but the walls were firm and in places ten feet high. As we were approaching Orchard, perhaps within fifteen miles, we met one of our old foes from Missouri, driving some of Mr. Henry's cattle, which I recognized, and I called the man by name. He was much surprised and confused, but went on. That night I notified Mr. Henry, who took measures to recover the stock.

We stayed at the ranch opposite Orchard. There was a big crowd of pilgrims, much gambling for drinks and several drunk. About fifty miles below Orchard was a ranch owned by the men we were traveling with. Here we stopped a couple of days, turned our horses loose on the prairies on the north side of the Platte, caught up fresh horses and resumed our journey. We had in our gang a variety of characters. Some of them did not like the rough and ready ways of the country.

Of course the boys tried to be as rough and uncivilized as they could. They all professed to be lousy and by the time we got to Julesburg it was all a reality so far as body lice were concerned. They were not lice, but gray-backs. They were the occasion of many amusing remarks to our refined friends' genuine dismay.

There was a tract of country here about two hundred miles across, without snow. The pasturage was good and stock in fine condition. We ran into snow at Kearney, where we forded the Platte and in a few miles it was too deep for good wagoning, though almost as suddenly it became thinner. Wood river was less than a day's drive below Kearney. Then came Northside, a Mormon settlement. There we came to a German settlement where there was a large wind-mill for sawing lumber and grinding grain. I am sure that the wheel was as much as forty feet across.

Half way from Kearney to Omaha we crossed the Loup river, too deep to ford, too much ice to ferry and the ice rotten. Took off the horses and led them with long ropes and pushed the wagons by man power. Arrived in Omaha about noon. Ice on the Missouri too rotten for teams. Hired a man to pilot us across, putting our baggage on a hand sled. All but myself carried poles to catch on the ice in case of its giving away. I, being the lightest one of the company, thought it safe to keep well in the rear without a pole. I must have walked a little to one side of the track. The ice gave away and I went through, making a round hole about twenty inches across. Throwing out my arms I stopped myself. Crawled out, oh, so carefully, and crawled along the surface until I felt that I might risk standing on my feet. On the east side the channel was open for a short distance. This we crossed in a skiff. The walk to Council Bluffs was four miles, which gave my clothes a chance to drain and kept my blood warm. The next day, late in the evening I reached home, changed my clothes, throwing my old clothes out at the window. It was a mean trick on the gray-backs who had stayed with me so faithfully through the wet and chill, but as I have been telling you the truth all through this story, I'll not deny it now.

While I was in Colorado my father, G. W. Pugsley, and a neighbor, ran across a buffalo in the south part of Boyer township, Harrison county. The neighbor, being on foot, dropped out of the chase. Father had a good horse. He drove the buffalo in a northeasterly direction, past the house of Joseph Harry, in Douglas township, and that of Matthew Hall. He had just passed the home of Mr. Mefferd when he met the Mefferd boys coming in with a load of hay. They unhitched, mounted their horses and hurried home for guns. After crossing Picayune Creek, he turned the beast to a southeasterly course, passing our own place on Section 22. Here our dog joined in the chase, and about half a mile east, on Section 23, the buffalo came to a halt after being chased over six miles. The Mefferds soon came with guns, and after about a dozen shots he fell. The meat was distributed among the neighbors, one family coming fifteen miles just to be able to say they had eaten buffalo meat. This is the only buffalo ever known to have been killed in Harrison county.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE IOWA BAR.

BY D. C. BEAMAN.

I think it was in 1874 when Tom Mulvany was indicted for selling whisky at Eldon, in Wapello county.

The prohibitory law was not popular in the railroad and river towns. His trial was in Ottumwa, where the law was then seldom enforced, the juries being disposed to acquit if any excuse was afforded for so doing.

Morris J. Williams was judge, M. H. Jones of Bloomfield was district attorney, and H. H. Trimble and E. L. Burton were Mulvany's attorneys.

An old farmer named Solomon Wilson Hamilton Leger Hearn, who lived near Eldon, was the State's only witness. Sol Hearn, as he was called for short, was frequently engaged in litigation, indeed, he said that he had so little confidence

in his own judgment that he never felt safe in paying a debt until a jury of his neighbors had said it was just.

His reputation for truth and veracity had been impeached over and over again in numerous lawsuits.

When Mulvany's trial came on, Trimble and Burton had a half dozen of Hearn's neighbors in attendance to impeach him, and this they assumed would furnish the jury a good excuse to acquit, a result which seemed to be a dead sure thing.

District Attorney Jones put Hearn on the witness stand and proved the purchase by him of whiskey at Mulvany's saloon. He then proceeded with the examination as follows:

"Solomon, how long have you lived in Eldon township?"

"About seventeen years," said Solomon.

"Your neighbors all know you well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Solomon, what is your reputation for truth and veracity in that community?"

"Well, sir," said Solomon, "if my neighbors are to be believed, it's bad."

The wind was thus suddenly taken from the sails of the defense and of course there was no use for the impeaching witnesses. The case proceeded to argument, and Jones merely said to the jury that he did not expect to prove a case of that kind by ministers of the gospel or professors of religion; that he had produced the only evidence available for both sides, had saved time of the court and jury in the trial of the case, had done his whole duty, and it was the part of the jury to do theirs.

Trimble and Burton did the best they could in the argument, but the joke was too good, and the jury fully appreciating it, rendered a verdict of guilty without leaving the box.

This was one of the few convictions in Wapello County for liquor selling in those years.



PALMETTO FLAG

Captured by Soldiers of the 31st Iowa Infantry from the Capitol at Columbia, South Carolina, February 17, 1865, and now in the Collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

OUR PALMETTO FLAG.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy for the State of South Carolina have asked the return to them, for their State, of our great palmetto flag. This flag is ten by fourteen feet in size, of blue wool bunting, with a palmetto tree and crescent appliqued in white muslin. A similar flag is in the collections of the State Historical Society at Iowa City. Both seem to have been secured by Union troops at the same place, in the same way and at about the same time.

Our flag was presented to the State Historical Department of Iowa at Des Moines by Mrs. Mary Carpenter of Monticello, Iowa, a daughter of the late Major S. S. Farwell. With the flag she sent a memorandum autographed by Major Farwell, showing that the flag was captured by the 31st Iowa Infantry at Columbia, South Carolina, February 17, 1865; that the soldiers removed it from the capitol and shortly thereafter presented it to Major Farwell, then a captain, and he retained the flag in his possession thereafter.

Iowa survivors of the Civil war have protested against our receiving with favor the suggestion that the flag be given up. Opinions even among the soldiers differ on this point. The policy of the return to southern States of military standards taken by capture is cordially approved by some soldiers and by others bitterly condemned. The flag in question seems to have been the standard of the State of South Carolina rather than an emblem of secession or of the government of the southern Confederacy, and for that reason, technically, may not fall within the reasoning against the return of the Confederate standards. Any acrimony that may ever have existed as to the return of captured standards would probably not exist with respect to this flag of South Carolina, in one who has full knowledge and understanding as to its origin and

meaning. If any such acrimony should exist in view of such knowledge it would exist only against the State of South Carolina or its citizens, and not against other States or the southern Confederacy.

Major Farwell held this flag in a sense as a custodian for its captors and it was presented to the State Historical Department as a sacred trust for them and all the people of the State. The Historical Department therefore will never release this flag because it is the property of the State and could be disposed of only by the General Assembly.

But there are reasons for our keeping the flag that are more in accord with the purposes of the State Historical Department than are legal conditions or angry memories. Annually there pass through our rooms thousands and thousands of young people and new comers into Iowa who here receive their first impressions of the history of Iowa or have impressions stimulated to higher appreciation than is done in any other way. Objects strike the eye and the terse, accurate language of labels strikes the attention of many visitors who have not time, taste or talent for the perusal of many books. They undergo few influences stronger or more persistent than are the museum and memorial features of our collections. No object suggests at sight more vividly or perfectly an event of historic importance to our country in which Iowa and its soldiers participated than does this great palmetto flag. Its silent ministry will continue as long as Iowa and South Carolina exist. It will speak volumes for South Carolina where chapters might not be read of her by sons of Iowa. It engenders disrespect and adverse comment only in rare instances of especially embittered soldiers of the Civil war. When the last of these has gone and the bronze button has become a memory cherished as is that of Revolutionary heroes by our oldest men, no one in Iowa or America will look with disrespect upon any memento of the great conflict.

Those who administer the affairs of the Historical Department, as indeed our generation, have, far more than is generally recognized, merely a trust in historical materials. Properly discharging this trust we will reserve for future

generations adequate aids with which to illustrate and interpret all the important public events. In the distant future Iowa must embrace as citizens the sons of Carolina soldiers under Robert Lee and among Carolina citizens must inevitably be found descendants of Iowa soldiers under U. S. Grant. In Iowa soil there are the ashes of at least eight Revolutionary soldiers of whom one was born in South Carolina, two in Virginia, and one in Maryland. At a time as far removed from the Civil war as we now are from the Revolution, the preservation in Iowa of this palmetto flag will doubtless be universally approved even by the children and descendants of men who were Carolina soldiers under the Stars and Bars. In the meantime it will be accessible to perhaps as many tolerant souls as would observe it were it returned to South Carolina. Commerce and other currents of social life hold State lines in utter disregard. The bitterness of the Civil war is rapidly vanishing. It seems to us, in the light of these conditions and of our sacred trust to the future, that the withdrawal by our State from its collection of historic treasures of an emblem of another State, even though it might have been at one time a reminder of hate and bitterness, should now be neither requested nor considered.

NOTES.

THE C. E. FULLER COLLECTION.

The Historical Department has received some very interesting and valuable materials from Mrs. C. E. Fuller of California. They were the property of her husband, the late Corydon E. Fuller, and are returned to Iowa for final care and custody because Iowa was the home of Mr. Fuller for most of his active life. He was of Connecticut stock and had preserved a number of interesting papers he received from ancestors. One is a mortgage in favor of Jonathan Trumbull, whom Washington called "Brother Jonathan." The entire "satisfaction" is in the handwriting of Mr. Trumbull and signed by him.

Mr. Fuller was a roommate of James A. Garfield at the Eclectic Institute, later called Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, and the affectionate relation then established never ceased while they both lived. Originals of the letters of Garfield, as published by Mr. Fuller in 1887 in his *Reminiscences of James A. Garfield*, and many others are in the collection.

Mr. Fuller's earlier profession was that of an editor. Files of his paper which we have received are mentioned elsewhere. He was one of the intimate friends and strong champions of Schuyler Colfax. The Fuller Collection will be found very helpful in the study of personal as well as public phases of these two great lives.

LIBRARY.

Our library, already rich in books and records of value in the study of genealogy and local history, especially of eastern States, is now making special effort to cover the States of Pennsylvania and of the South and Middle West. During the months of April, May and June the following among other books of this character were added: Dandridge, American

Prisoners of the Revolution; Dandridge, Historic Shepherds-town; Day, Historical Collections of the State of Pennsylvania; Keith, Provincial Councillors of the State of Pennsylvania who held office between 1733 and 1776, and Henry, History of the Lehigh Valley. O'Reilly's Sketches of Rochester, N. Y., 1838, with incidental notes of western New York, was received. Henry O'Reilly, the author, was the promoter and secretary of the Des Moines Navigation and Railroad Company in 1856.

During the same period among Iowa material there was added: Andrews, History of Polk County, Iowa, and Reminiscences of Early Days, especially bound, presented by Mr. Lowell Chamberlain; Brindley, History of Taxation in Iowa; Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Reports; Map of Cedar County; Atlas of Clinton County; Atlas of Johnson County; Handbook and Financial Report of Linn County for the year 1906; Financial Report of Monroe County for the year 1909; Financial Report of Lee County for the year 1909; Eighth Annual Financial Report of Madison County; Financial Report of Page County for the years 1908, 1910; Financial History of Poweshiek County for the year 1908; Financial History of Scott County for 1909 and the Financial Report of Worth County for the year 1909.

NEWSPAPERS.

During this quarter three files of newspapers were presented as memorials of former prominent Iowa citizens:

From Mrs. R. M. Green, in memory of her father, O. H. Schenck, a pioneer of Burlington, a file of the first agricultural paper published in Iowa, the Iowa Farmer and Horticulturist, 1853-1857, also, odd numbers of the Burlington Hawk-Eye and Burlington Gazette and other early papers of that city; also from D. H. Talmadge, of Salem, Oregon, in memory of his father, C. A. Talmadge, for many years editor of the West Union Gazette, a nearly complete file of the Gazette, 1868-1909; and from Mrs. Corydon E. Fuller, in memory of her husband,

Corydon E. Fuller, a prominent business man of Des Moines, volumes of Indiana papers, the Rochester Mercury, May, 1861-March, 1862, Rochester Chronicle, April 10, 1862-December 8, 1864, and South Bend-St. Joseph Valley Register, November 2, 1865-November 7, 1867.

We have also received by gift from Mrs. J. J. Hamilton, Des Moines, a file of the Des Moines News, 1881-1892, and parts of 1895 and 1896; also a file of the Bloomfield-Davis County Republican, 1879-1881, and odd numbers of the Keosauqua Republican, 1864-1887, from the children of the late George C. Duffield of Keosauqua, Iowa.

MUSEUM.

The Museum during the quarter received by gift some forty fossils from Mr. F. A. Brown of East Peru; a number of nests, eggs and skins of birds from Mr. Fred Beringhausen, Eldora, Iowa; two old and interesting mill-stones from the Flint Brick Company, Des Moines; some pocket gophers and a sparrow hawk from Gingery and Duff, Earlham; a large and valuable cabinet of birds' eggs from James B. Green, Des Moines; a silver haired bat from Frank Grimm, Des Moines; pair of screech owls, Albert Hausen, Des Moines; spinning wheel from A. L. Hobart, Centerville; fossil belemnite from Hon. O. H. Jacobson, Audubon; fossil corals and mollusca, G. A. Larson, Des Moines; a ground hog, Mrs. Kate Minniger, Osage, Iowa; some voles, rabbits and a pelican, F. C. Pellett, Atlantic; some specimens of marsh birds and eggs, W. M. Rosen, Ogden, Iowa; stone maul, Charles Sampson, Eldora.

NOTABLE DEATHS

WILLIAM GEORGE THOMPSON was born in Butler county, Pennsylvania, January 17, 1830; he died at Kenwood Park, Linn county, Iowa, April 2, 1911. He obtained his education in the rural schools of his native State, then became a teacher. At the age of nineteen he entered Witherspoon Institute where he remained two years; then began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1853, when he removed to Marion, Linn county, Iowa. He was a delegate to the State convention at Iowa City in 1856, where the Republican party in this State was founded. He was elected to the Iowa State Senate in the same year, serving in the Sixth and Seventh General Assemblies. He was commissioned Major of the Twentieth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, holding that commission for a year. He was wounded at Prairie Grove, Arkansas, and captured at the siege of Vicksburg. He was present at the capture of Fort Arkansas Pass in Texas and was in command of a post there established. He was honorably discharged in 1864. In 1864 he was chosen as one of the presidential electors. In the same year he was elected district attorney for the district comprising the counties of Linn, Jones, Cedar, Johnson, Iowa, Benton and Tama. He was appointed chief justice of Idaho Territory in 1879 by President Rutherford B. Hayes, and in the same year he was elected to Congress from the Fifth Iowa District to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rush Clark, and was re-elected for the next regular term. In 1885 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the Twenty-first General Assembly of Iowa, during which service he was a member of the committee on the part of the House which prosecuted the impeachment proceedings against State Auditor John L. Brown. He was appointed a judge of the district court for the Eighteenth Judicial District in September, 1894, and continued until his retirement from the bench at the close of the year 1906.

B. L. W.

TIMOTHY BROWN was born in Worcester, Otsego county, New York, December 27, 1827; he died in Denver, Colorado, April 18, 1911. He was of Mayflower descent, was educated in the common schools and for three years was a student in Unadilla Academy. He taught both district and select schools during a period of two or three years. At the age of twenty-two he began the study of law, and at twenty-four was admitted to the bar and removed to Toledo, Tama county, Iowa, establishing a partnership with Isaac L. Allen, who afterwards was Attorney General of Iowa. In 1857 he removed to Marshalltown, engaging in practice alone until 1862, when he formed a partnership with H. E. J. Boardman. He remained in active practice, his firm, however, changing from time to time. He was made the general attorney of the Central Railroad of Iowa, later called the Iowa Central. He was a candidate for nomination for Congress on the Democratic ticket in 1882, but was defeated by Benjamin T. Frederick. He was the author of a work on "Jurisdiction of Courts."

WITTER H. JOHNSTON was born in Sidney, New York, July 24, 1837; he died at Fort Dodge, Iowa, June 6, 1911. His parents were of Scotch-Irish, English and German descent and were highly educated people of New England birth. In one direct line of his ancestry were six physicians. There were prominent ministers, and patriots in this and other lines. Captain Johnston was educated in the common schools of New York and at Franklin Academy. He spent a year in Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana. After devoting some time to school teaching, he enlisted in the One Hundred Forty-fourth New York Infantry. His regiment was principally engaged in garrison work, but participated in the battle of James Island, South Carolina, February 10, 1865, where Captain Johnston was severely wounded. It is said of him that while being carried to the rear a comrade expressed sympathy with him only to be met with: "What are you doing here? Get to your place in front." Upon being discharged from the hospital he returned to Binghamton, N. Y., where he finished his law study and was admitted to the bar. He soon removed to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he began the practice of law, continuing until his appointment about twenty years ago to the deputy clerkship of the United States Court.

Captain Johnston performed his greatest public service through an unselfish and untiring application of his talents to library interests. He was first to establish a private library association in his home city, and induced others to help him in the creation of a small library and reading room in his office building. He served gratuitously as the librarian for many years. Out of this grew the present Fort Dodge Public Library, which largely through the labors of Captain Johnston has become more than merely a collection of books and a beautiful edifice, developing a deep and genuine taste of the public of his home city for library advantages. His influence extended far beyond the limits of Fort Dodge, into and through the work of the Iowa State Library Association of which he was one of the founders, its president and at the time of his death an honorary president. He was a moulding influence in the Iowa Library Commission of which he had been a member for many years.

NEWELL JAMIESON MILLER was born in Connorsville, Indiana, June 13, 1839; he died at Des Moines, Iowa, June 6, 1911. While Mr. Miller seldom performed conspicuous public service, he was a most valuable, intimate and constant associate of powerful figures in Iowa politics of the past generation. He was an intimate friend of John A. Kasson, by whom he was appointed a railway mail clerk in 1874. Besides a rare efficiency in this service he won the tender admiration of all in his official and public acquaintance by his fortitude. While on duty April 6, 1875, his car was wrecked at Tyrone, Iowa. Mr. Miller was thrown against a heated stove and pinned there until his left ear, jaw and part of his skull were burned off. For two years his life hung in the balance. Out of regard for his comfort bells in the churches and schools in his vicinity remained silent. His case was examined and surgical operations performed by many men of the highest advancement in surgery. He recovered, reentered the mail service and continued therein until 1889, when he was made superintendent of mails of the Des Moines postoffice under a special act of Congress. In this situation he served most creditably until he died of paralysis.

SAMUEL CALVIN was born at Wigtonshire, Scotland, February 2, 1840; he died at Iowa City, Iowa, April 17, 1911. He was a son of Thomas and Elizabeth Calvin; emigrated to America with his parents when he was eleven years of age, settling in New York. After three years the family removed to Buchanan county, Iowa, where they made their home. He attended Lenox College, Hopkinton, Iowa, but in the course of his studies enlisted in Company C, Forty-fourth Iowa Volunteer Infantry. His service was for one hundred days, after which he returned to Lenox College, as a professor of science, remaining four years in this work. From here he went to Dubuque, Iowa, where he was principal of a ward school, until in 1874 he accepted a professorship of natural sciences at the State University, Iowa City. At first he taught physiology, botany and geology, later was professor of geology, holding that position throughout the remainder of his service.

At the time of his death Professor Calvin was one of the foremost scientists of the United States and was recognized throughout the scientific world. He became State Geologist of Iowa in 1892, continuing until 1904. He was again appointed in 1906, continuing until his death. He was one of the editors of the *American Geologist* from 1888 until 1905; was a member of the National Advisory Board on Fuels and Structural Materials. He received the degree of A. M. from Cornell College in 1875; of Ph. D. from Lenox College in 1888, and LL. D. in 1904. He was a Fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science and its President in 1894; a Fellow in the Geological Association of America and its President in 1908; was a member of the Iowa Academy of Science and its President in 1909. He was a member of the Paleontological and the National Geological Societies. He was a member of the conference called by President Roosevelt in 1908 on the conservation of natural resources of the United States. He wrote many articles of scientific value on fuels and structural materials, but wrote more extensively on the pleistocene geological period in Iowa, on which subject his writings are authority. His papers on paleontology gave him a world reputation. The reports of the Iowa Geological Survey under his direction cover seventeen volumes and are of the highest practical value. He was Commander of Samuel J. Kirkwood Post, Grand Army of the Republic, at the time of his death.

SAMUEL S. CARRUTHERS was born in Wheeling, Virginia, August 20, 1837; he died at Bloomfield, Iowa, February 20, 1911. He received a high school education in Wheeling and removed to Bloomfield in 1854. In 1857 he began the study of law in the office of Trimble and Baker and was admitted to the bar in 1860 by Judge John S. Townsend at Keosauqua. Both members of the firm of Trimble and Baker enlisted in the Union Army and Mr. Carruthers succeeded to their practice, continuing until 1867 when Judge Trimble again joined Mr. Carruthers under the style of Trimble and Carruthers. Mr. Carruthers was a very active and influential Democrat throughout his life, but was not a holder of elective office of any prominence. He served the State of Iowa as a member of the Exposition Commission at St. Louis in 1904 and was an attorney for the Wabash, the Rock Island and Burlington railroads.

LEVI BEARDSLEY RAYMOND was born in Allegheny county, New York, July 3, 1836; he died at Hampton, Iowa, April 18, 1911. From a eulogy delivered by Hon. W. D. Evans of the Iowa Supreme Court, we select the following touching Col Raymond's life:

He was educated at Beloit High School and Beloit College. Before he was twenty he learned the printers' trade and from 1858 to 1860 was a reporter on the *Chicago Times* and *Chicago Post*. In 1861 he enlisted in Company G, Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, which was a part of the famous Iron Brigade. He was honorably discharged on account of wounds in 1863. He removed to Butler county, Iowa, in 1864, engaged in newspaper work on the *Hampton Record* in 1866 and served as county superintendent of schools from 1867 to 1869. After that service he became editor of the *Hampton Free Press*, continuing until 1872, when he removed to the northern part of Iowa, establishing the *Cherokee Leader*. He immediately acquired the *O'Brien Pioneer* and established an office from which the same was issued in O'Brien county, it having been printed in Cherokee prior to his acquisition of it. He acquired the *Sioux County Herald* and established it at Orange City. During the same year he started a paper at Doon, called the *Lyon County Press*, and one at Newell, Buena Vista county, called the *Mirror*. In January, 1873, he issued the first number of the *Sheldon Mail*. In 1874 he closed out his newspaper enterprises and returned to Hampton, again serving as county superintendent of schools in 1876 and 1877. In 1879 he became editor and publisher of the *Franklin County Record*, in which service he continued until his death. His life was constantly devoted to social as well as public service. Besides being a member of the Iowa National Guard for fifteen years, a part of the time as Lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Regiment, he was commander of McKenzie Post, G. A. R., and of the Iowa Department G. A. R., in 1903 and 1904, and served on the National Committee on Pensions, 1904 to 1906. He was president of the Iowa State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and of a number of fraternal organizations. He was instrumental in securing for Hampton the Carnegie Library, for a long time serving on the Library Board, as president for the most of the time. He was a candidate for Lieutenant-governor in the Republican Convention in 1906. A paragraph of Judge Evans' address is descriptive of his type:

"This distinguished citizen whom we commemorate with such honor was always a poor man. His scantiness of property did not come to him through indolence. On the contrary, his life was a busy one; he never loafed; his industry never flagged; his helpfulness never slept. Who in this wide community has not leaned on him for something. He was our county historian; our information bureau; our general director of public occasions; our chronicler of private and public events; our sympathizer in bereavement; our citizen of every utility to whom all helpless distress was first referred. Did an old soldier or soldier's widow need information and advice? 'You had better see Raymond.' Was there an obituary to be written? 'Go and see Raymond.' Was there to be an old settlers' meeting? 'Let us go and see Raymond.' * * * * He was poor because the spirit within him compelled him to do the unremunerative work of the community. His talents were not those of a financier. A part of the talent of the financier is to do the thing that pays, pays money. If there be needful things to do which have no profit let others do them. All honor to the man

whose life has been an industrious and helpful one and who has done the gratuities of the world and who comes down to the grave with empty purse. Such a life dignifies privation and poverty above the dignity of kings, and such is the growing sentiment of the world."

WILLIAM HERON REEDER was born at Muscatine, Iowa, August 4, 1848; he died at Paris, January 24, 1911. He was appointed from Iowa to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and was graduated in 1867. He was made an Ensign, December 18, 1868; Master, March 31, 1871; Lieutenant Commander, December 4, 1892; Commander, August 10, 1898, and Captain, December 2, 1902. He was retired as Rear Admiral June 30, 1907. He was in active service during the Civil war and in the summer of 1863, on board the Marion, in the pursuit of the Confederate steamer Tacony. He served on the Piscataqua and Delaware in 1867-1870; on the Wabash and Shenandoah from 1871-1874. He was stationed at the navy yard at Philadelphia during the year of 1874-1875, and was on the Alliance 1875-1877, the Powhatan, 1877-1880. He was then transferred to the navy yards at Portsmouth in 1881 and remained there for two years and was on the Despatch, 1884-1885. He served as an aide on an expedition to the Isthmus of Panama. In 1894 he commanded a naval brigade in the railroad strike at Oakland, Cal., and opened up the Southern Pacific railroad. He was executive officer on the Charleston in Luzon and Japan during the Chinese Japanese war, and returned to the navy yards in Washington for the years 1896-1897. He was the commander of the St. Mary during 1897-1898 and of the Marcellus in 1898, a year later returning to the St. Mary for a period of three years. He commanded the Hartford during 1901-1903. In 1904 he was assigned to the Naval War College and in 1904-1905 he commanded the Alabama. He was in charge of the navy yards, New York, 1906-1907, and was commander of the Hancock until June 30, 1907.

GEORGE M. HIPPEE was born in Canton, Ohio, March 6, 1831; he died at Des Moines, Iowa, April 29, 1911. After acquiring a rudimentary education he entered the drug trade as a clerk in Canton, then went to Philadelphia, Pa., serving as a clerk in a drug store until he removed to the city of Des Moines in 1855. He soon opened a drug stock, thereafter remaining a leader in active business circles. He was a founder of or officer in nearly every financial and industrial institution of note in the capital city during his active career, his connections of most importance being as an organizer and president of the Second National Bank, merged in 1870 with the First National Bank into the National State Bank, and in 1873 as founder and president of the Valley Bank, later changed to the Valley National Bank. In 1881 he was one of the organizers of the Des Moines Bank, which became the Des Moines Savings Bank and was later absorbed by the Iowa National Bank. In 1889 he was associated with Jefferson S. Polk in the re-organization of the Des Moines City Railway of which he became a director and vice-president, retaining his connection with the company until 1910. At the time of his death he was a director of the Iowa National Bank and of the Iowa Loan and Trust Company.

WILLARD LEE EATON was born in Delaware county, Iowa, October 13, 1848; he died at Osage, Iowa, June 7, 1911. He was educated in the common schools and graduated with the degree of B. S. from the Cedar Valley Seminary. He graduated with the degree of LL. B. from the law department of the Iowa State University in 1872. A Democrat up to 1893, Mr. Eaton identified himself with the Republican party. He served as mayor of Osage three terms, as county attorney of Mitchell county one term, as a member of the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth General Assemblies, being elected speaker of the Twenty-ninth. He was an active and very prominent Mason, serving as Grand Master of the Iowa Grand Lodge in 1900 and 1901. He was elected a member of the Iowa Railroad Commission in November, 1906, and served four years.

CHARLES C. CHUBB was born October 2, 1840, in Waukesha county, Wisconsin; he died May 21, 1911, at Algona, Iowa. He was of New England ancestry, reared and educated in his native county, and there enlisted in Company E, Third Wisconsin Infantry. With his regiment he participated in the battles of Winchester, South Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain, receiving his discharge on the expiration of his enlistment, July 1, 1864. He re-enlisted in the Twentieth New York Heavy Artillery, receiving his final discharge May 6, 1865. He soon thereafter removed to Kossuth county, Iowa, where he immediately became an important factor in the establishment and promotion of substantial business and public affairs. He served as county supervisor in 1872, was elected to the Iowa Senate in 1883, serving throughout the Twentieth and Twenty-first General Assemblies.

LOUIS G. PARROTT was born in Davenport, Iowa, December 2, 1863; he died at Waterloo, Iowa, February 1, 1911. He was a son of the late Matt. Parrott, Lieutenant-Governor of Iowa, was educated in the schools of Waterloo, entering the printing office of his father, who was the editor and publisher of the *Waterloo Reporter*. After the retirement of the elder Mr. Parrott, Louis succeeded to the management and editorship which he held until he died. He was one of the leading newspaper men in the State, was a member of a number of fraternal orders and once the Exalted Ruler of Waterloo Elk's Lodge. He was an influential factor in many political and other important enterprises, but was never an aspirant for office himself.

GILBERT ROBINSON IRISH was born at Terre Haute, Indiana, October 30, 1837; he died at Iowa City, Iowa, June 4, 1911. He was of Quaker ancestry. His father's family removed to Iowa in 1839. Mr. Irish attended the public schools and engaged in teaching in Indiana and Illinois. He was a most successful horticulturist, his studies extending far into the scientific phases of the calling. He was a deep student and lover of natural history. He served in many minor public places and always with profit to the public. He was the author of a history of Johnson county. He was a brother of Colonel John P. Irish, now of Oakland, California.



John H. Krapp